

1508/803

Romeo and Juliet.

A

TRAGEDY.

Now acting, with the greatest Applause,

By his MAJESTY's Servants, at the Theatre-
Royal in *Smock-Alley*.

By *Mr.* WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.



. D U B L I N :

Printed for W. BRIEN, near *Crow-Street*, and R. JAMES,
opposite *Sycamore-Alley*, in *Dame-Street*.

M.DCC.XLVII.



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PROLOGUE.

TWO Households, both alike in Dignity,
In fair Verona, (where we lay our Scene)
From ancient Grudge break to new Mutiny,
Where civil Blood makes civil Hands unclean.
From forth the fatal Loins of these two Foes,
A Pair of star-cross'd Lovers take their Life;
Whose mis-adventur'd pitious Overthrows,
Do, with their Death, bury their Parents Strife.
The fearful Passage of their death-mark'd Love,
And the Continuance of their Parents Rage,
Which but their Children's End nought could remove,
Is now the two Hours Traffick of our Stage.
The which if you with patient Ears attend,
What here shall miss, our Toil shall strive to mend.

Dramatis Personæ.

ESCALUS, *Prince of Verona.*

Paris, *a young Nobleman in love with Juliet, and Kinsman to the Prince.*

Montague, } *Two Lords of ancient Families, Enemies*
Capulet, } *to each other.*

Romeo, *Son to Montague.*

Mercutio, *Kinsman to the Prince, and Friend to Romeo.*

Benvolio, *Kinsman and Friend to Romeo.*

Tibalt, *Kinsman to Capulet.*

Friar Lawrence.

Friar John.

Balthasar, *Servant to Romeo.*

Page to Paris.

Sampson, } *Servants to Capulet.*
Gregory, }

Abram, *Servant to Montague.*

Apothecary.

Simon Catling,

Hugh Rebeck,

Samuel Soundboard,

Peter, *Servant to the Nurse.*

} *Three Musicians.*

Lady Montague, *Wife to Montague.*

Lady Capulet, *Wife to Capulet.*

Juliet, *Daughter to Capulet, in love with Romeo.*

Nurse to Juliet.

CHORUS.

Citizens of Verona, several Men and Women, Relations to Capulet, Maskers, Guards, Watch, and other Attendants.

The SCENE, in the Beginning of the fifth Act, is in Mantua; during all the rest of the Play in and near Verona.

The Plot taken from an Italian Novel of Bandello.

Romeo





Romeo and Juliet.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Street in Verona.

Enter Sampson and Gregory, with swords and bucklers, two servants of the Capulets.

SAMPSON.

GREGORY, on my word we'll not carry coals.

Greg. No, for then we should be colliers.

Sam. I mean an we be in cholar, we'll draw.

Greg. Ay, while you live, draw your neck out of the collar.

Sam. I strike quickly, being mov'd.

Greg. But thou art not quickly mov'd to strike.

Sam. A dog of the house of *Montague* moves me.

Greg. To move, is to stir: and to be valiant, is to stand: therefore, if thou art mov'd, thou runn'st away.

Sam. A dog of that house shall move me to stand; I will take the wall of any man or maid of *Montague's*.

Greg. That shews thee a weak slave, for the weakest goes to the wall.

Sam. True, and therefore women, being the weakest vessels, are ever thrust to the wall: therefore I will push *Montague's* men from the wall, and thrust his maids to the wall.

A 3

Greg.

Greg. The quarrel is between our masters, and us their men.

Sam. 'Tis all one. I will shew myself a tyrant: when I have fought with the men, I will be cruel with the maids, and cut off their heads.

Greg. The heads of the maids?

Sam. Ay, the heads of the maids, or their maiden-heads, take it in what sense thou wilt.

Greg. They must take it in sense that feel it.

Sam. Me they shall feel while I am able to stand; and 'tis known I am a pretty piece of flesh.

Greg. 'Tis well thou art not fish; if thou had'st, thou hadst been *Poor John*. Draw thy tool, here comes of the house of *Montagues*.

Enter Abram and Balthasar.

Sam. My naked weapon is out; quarrel, I will back thee.

Greg. How: turn thy back and run?

Sam. Fear me not.

Greg. No, marry; I fear thee.

Sam. Let us take the law of our sides: let them begin.

Greg. I will frown as I pass by, and let them take it as they list.

Sam. Nay as they dare. I will bite my thumb at them, which is a disgrace to them, if they bear it.

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, Sir?

Sam. I do bite my thumb, Sir.

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, Sir?

Sam. Is the law on our side, if I say ay?

Greg. No.

Sam. No, Sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, Sir: but I bite my thumb, Sir.

Greg. Do you quarrel, Sir?

Abr. Quarrel, Sir? no, Sir.

Sam. If you do, Sir, I am for you; I serve as good a man as you.

Abr. No better?

Sam. Well, Sir.

Enter Benvolio.

Greg. Say better: here comes one of my master's kinsmen.

Sam.



ROMEO and JULIET.

7

Sam. Yes, better, Sir.

Abr. You lie.

Sam. Draw, if you be men. *Gregory*, remember thy swashing blow. [*They fight.*]

Ben. Part, fools, put up your swords, you know not what you do.

Enter Tibalt.

Tib. What, art thou drawn among these heartless hinds?

Turn thee, *Benvolio*, look upon thy death.

Ben. I do but keep the peace; put up thy sword, Or manage it to part these men with me.

Tib. What drawn, and talk of peace? I hate the word As I hate hell, all *Montagues* and thee:

Have at thee, coward. [*Fight.*]

Enter three or four citizens with clubs.

Offic. Clubs, bills, and partisans! strike! beat them down,

Down with the *Capulets*, down with the *Montagues*.

Enter old Capulet in his gown, and lady Capulet.

Cap. What noise is this? give me my long sword, ho!

L. Cap. A crutch, a crutch; why call you for a sword?

Cap. My sword, I say: old *Montague* is come, And flourishes his blade in spite of me.

Enter old Montague and lady Montague.

Mon. Thou villain, *Capulet* ——— Hold me not, let me go.

La. Mon. Thou shalt not stir a foot to seek a foe.

Enter prince with attendants.

Prin. Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,
Prophaners of this neighbour-stained steel——
Will they not hear? what ho, you men, you beasts,
That quench the fire of your pernicious rage,
With purple fountains issuing from your veins:
On pain of torture, from those bloody hands
Throw your mis-temper'd weapons to the ground,
And hear the sentence of your moved prince.
Three civil broils, bred of an airy word,

By

By thee, old *Capulet*, and *Montague*,
 Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets,
 And made *Verona's* antient citizens
 Cast by their grave beſeeming ornaments;
 To wield old partiſans, in hands as old,
 Cankred with Peace, to part your cankred hate;
 If ever you diſturb our ſtreets again,
 Your lives ſhall pay the forfeit of the peace.
 For this time all the reſt depart away,
 You, *Capulet*, ſhall go along with me;
 And, *Montague*, come you this afternoon,
 To know our further pleaſure in this caſe,
 To old Free-town, our common judgment-place:
 Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.

[*Exeunt Prince and Capulet, &c.*]

La. Mon. Who ſet this antient quarrel new abroad?
 Speak, nephew, were you by when it began?

Ben. Here were the ſervants of your adverſary,
 And yours, cloſe fighting, ere I did approach;
 I drew to part them: In the inſtant came
 The fiery *Tibalt*, with his ſword prepar'd,
 Which as he breath'd defiance to my ears,
 He ſwung about his head, and cut the winds,
 Who nothing hurt withal, hiſs'd him in ſcorn,
 While we were interchanging thruſts and blows,
 Came more and more, and fought on part and part,
 'Till the prince came, who parted either part.

La. Mon. O where is *Romeo*? ſaw you him to-day?
 Right glad am I, he was not at this fray.

Ben. Madam, an hour before the worſhipp'd ſun
 Peer'd through the golden window of the Eaſt,
 A troubled mind drew me to walk abroad,
 Where underneath the grove of ſycamore,
 That weſtward rooteth from the city ſide,
 So early walking did I ſee your ſon.
 Tow'rdſ him I made, but he was 'ware of me,
 And ſtole into the covert of the wood.
 I meaſuring his affections by my own,

That

That most are busied when they're most alone,
Pursued my humour, not pursuing him;
And gladly shun'd, who gladly fled from me.

Mon. Many a morning hath he there been seen,
With tears augmenting the fresh morning dew;
Adding to clouds, more clouds with his deep sighs
But all so soon as the all-cheering sun
Should, in the farthest east, begin to draw
The shady curtains from *Aurora's* bed;
Away from light steals home my heavy son,
And private in his chamber pens himself;
Shuts up his windows, locks fair day light out,
And makes himself an artificial night.
Black and portentous must this humour prove,
Unless good counsel may the cause remove.

Ben. My noble uncle, do you know the cause?

Mon. I neither know it, nor can learn it of him.

Ben. Have you importun'd him by any means?

Mon. Both by my self and many other friends;
But he, his own affection's counsellor,
Is to himself (I will not say how true)
But to himself so secret and so close,
So far from sounding and discovery;
As is the bud bit with an envious worm,
Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air,
Or dedicate his beauty to the sun.
Could we but learn from whence his sorrows grow,
We would as willingly give cure, as know.

Enter Romeo

Ben. See where he comes: so please you step aside,
I'll know his grievance, or be much deny'd.

Mon. I would thou wert so happy by thy stay,
To hear true shrift. Come, madam, let's away. [*Exe.*

Ben. Good morrow, cousin.

Rom. Is the day so young?

Ben. But new struck nine.

Rom. Ah me, sad hours seem long!
Was that my father that went hence so fast?

Ben.

By thee, old *Capulet*, and *Montague*,
 Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets,
 And made *Verona*'s antient citizens
 Cast by their grave beseeming ornaments;
 To wield old partisans, in hands as old,
 Cankred with Peace, to part your cankred hate;
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 Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.
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 Speak, nephew, were you by when it began?

Ben. Here were the servants of your adversary,
 And yours, close fighting, ere I did approach;
 I drew to part them: In the instant came
 The fiery *Tibalt*, with his sword prepar'd,
 Which as he breath'd defiance to my ears,
 He swung about his head, and cut the winds,
 Who nothing hurt withal, hiss'd him in scorn,
 While we were interchanging thrusts and blows,
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 Peer'd through the golden window of the East,
 A troubled mind drew me to walk abroad,
 Where underneath the grove of sycamore,
 That westward rooteth from the city side,
 So early walking did I see your son.
 Tow'rd's him I made, but he was 'ware of me,
 And stole into the covert of the wood.
 I measuring his affections by my own,

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Rom. Is the day so young?

Ben. But new struck nine.

Rom. Ah me, sad hours seem long!

Was that my father that went hence so fast?

Ben.

Ben. It was: what sadness lengthens *Romeo's* hours?

Rom. Not having that, which having makes them short.

Ben. In love?

Rom. Out——

Rom. Of love;

Rom. Out of her favour where I am in love.

Ben. Alas, that love so gentle in his view,
Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof!

Rom. Alas, that love, whose view is muffled still,
Should without eyes see path-ways to his will!
Where shall we dine? — O me! — What fray was
here? —

Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all.
Here's much to do with hate, but more with love:
Why then, O brawling love! O loving hate!
Oh any thing of nothing first create!
Oh heavy lightness! serious vanity!
Mis-shapen chaos of well seeming forms!
Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health!
Still-waking sleep, that is not what it is!
This love feel I, that feel no love in this.
Dost thou not laugh?

Ben. No, coz, I rather weep.

Rom. Good heart, at what?

Ben. At thy good heart's oppression.

Rom. Why such is love's transgression —
Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my breast;
Which thou wilt propagate to have them prest
With more of thine; this love that thou hast shewn
Doth add more grief to too much of mine own.
Love is a smoke rais'd with the fume of sighs,
Being purg'd, a fire sparkling in lovers eyes,
Being vex'd, a sea nourish'd with lovers tears;
What is it else? a madness most discreet,
A choking gall, and a preserving sweet:
Farewel my cousin.

[*Going.*

Ben. Soft, I'll go along.
And if you leave me so, you do me wrong.

Rom. Tut! I have lost my self, I am not here;

This

ROMEO and JULIET.

II

This is not *Romeo*, he's some other where.

Ben. Tell me in sadness, who she is you love?

Rom. What, shall I groan and tell thee?

Ben. Groan? why no, but sadly tell me, who.

Rom. Bid a sick man in sadness make his will—

O word, ill urg'd to one that is so ill—

In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman.

Ben. I aim'd so near, when I suppos'd you lov'd.

Rom. A right good marks-man, and she's fair I love.

Ben. A right fair mark, fair coz, is soonest hit.

Rom. But in that hit you miss,—she'll not be hit,

With *Cupid's* arrow; she hath *Dian's* wit:

And in strong proof of chastity well arm'd,

From love's weak childish bow she lives unharm'd,

She will not stay the siege of loving terms,

Nor bide th' encounter of assailing eyes,

Nor ope her lap to saint-seducing gold.

O she is rich in beauty; only poor,

That when she dies, with her dies beauty's store.

Ben. Then she hath sworn, that she will still live chaste?

Rom. She hath, and in that sparing makes huge waste.

For beauty starv'd with her severity,

Cuts beauty off from all posterity.

She is too fair, too wise: wisely too fair,

To merit blifs by making me despair;

She hath forsworn to love, and in that vow

Do I live dead, that live to tell it now.

Ben. Be rul'd by me, forget to think of her.

Rom. O teach me how I should forget to think.

Ben. By giving liberty unto thine eyes:

Examine other beauties.

Rom. 'Tis the way

To call hers (exquisite) in question more:

Those happy masks that kiss fair ladies brows,

Being black, put us in mind they hide the fair;

He that is stricken blind cannot forget

The precious treasure of his eye-sight lost.

Shew me a mistress that is passing fair;

What doth her beauty serve but as a note,

Where

Going.

This

Where I may read who past that passing fair?
Farewel, thou canst not teach me to forget.

Ben. I'll pay that doctrine, or else die in debt. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

Enter Capulet, Paris, and servant.

Cap. And *Montague* is bound as well as I,
In penalty alike; and 'tis not hard
For men so old as we to keep the peace.

Par. Of honourable reck'ning are you both,
And pity 'tis you liv'd at odds so long:
But now, my lord, what say you to my suit?

Cap. But saying o'er what I have said before:
My child is yet a stranger in the world,
She hath not seen the change of fourteen years;
Let two more summers wither in their pride,
Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride.

Par. Younger than she are happy mothers made.

Cap. And too soon marr'd are those so early made:
The earth hath swallow'd all my hopes but she.
She is the hopeful lady of my earth:
But woo her, gentle *Paris*, get her heart,
My will to her consent is but a part;
If she agree, within her scope of choice
Lies my consent, and fair according voice:
This night, I hold an old accustom'd feast,
Whereto I have invited many a guest,
Such as I love, and you among the store,
One more (most welcome!) makes my number more.
At my poor house, look to behold this night,
Earth-treading stars that make dark heaven's light,
Such comfort as do lusty young men feel,
When well-apparell'd *April* on the heel
Of limping winter treads, even such delight
Among fresh female-buds shall you this night

Inherit

Inherit at my house ; hear all, all see,
And like her most, whose merit most shall be :
Which on more view of many, mine being one,
Many stand in number, though in reck'ning none.
Come, go with me. Go, sirrah, trudge about,
Through fair *Verona*, find those persons out
Whose names are written there, and to them say,
My house and welcome on their pleasure stay.

[*Exeunt Cap. and Par.*]

Ser. Find them out whose names are written here ?—It
is written, that the shoe-maker should meddle with his
yard, and the taylor with his last, the fisher with his
pencil, and the painter with his nets. But I am sent to
find those persons whose names are here writ, and can
never find what names the writing person hath here
writ. I must to the learned—in good time.

[*Enter Benvolio and Romeo.*]

Ben. Tut, man, one fire burns out another's burning,
One pain is lessen'd by another's anguish ;
Turn giddy and be help'd by backward turning,
One desperate grief cure with another's languish :
Take thou some new infection to the eye,
And the rank poison of the old will die.

Rom. Your plantain leaf is excellent for that.

Ben. For what I pray thee ?

Rom. For your broken shin.

Ben. Why, *Romeo*, art thou mad ?

Rom. Not mad, but bound more than a mad man is :
Shut up in prison, kept without my food,
Whipt and tormented ; and—Good e'en, good fellow.

[*To the Servant.*]

Ser. God gi' good e'en : I pray, Sir, can you read ?

Rom. Ay, mine own fortune in my misery.

Ser. Perhaps you have learn'd it without book : but
I pray,

Can you read any thing you see ?

Rom. Ay, if I know the letters and the language.

Ser. Ye say honestly, rest you merry.

Rom. Stay, fellow, I can read.

B

He

[He reads the letter.]

Signior Martino, and his wife and daughters: Count Anselm and his beauteous sisters; the lady widow of Vitruvio; Signior Placentio, and his lovely nieces; Mercutio and his brother Valentine; mine uncle Capulet, his wife and daughters; my fair niece Rosaline, Livia, signior Valentio, and his cousin Tibalt; Lucio, and the lively Helena.

A fair assembly; whither should they come?

Ser. Up.

Rom. Whither?

Ser. To supper, to our house.

Rom. Whose house?

Ser. My master's.

Rom. Indeed I should have askt you that before.

Ser. Now I'll tell you without asking. My master is the great rich Capulet, and if you be not of the house of Montagues, I pray come and crush a cup of wine. Rest you merry. [Exit.]

Ben. At this same antient feast of Capulets,
Sups the fair Rosaline, whom thou so lov'st;
With all the admired beauties of Verona.
Go thither, and with unattainted eye,
Compare her face with some that I shall show,
And I will make thee think thy swan a crow.

Rom. When the devout religion of mine eye
Maintains such falsehoods, then turn tears to fires;
And these who often drown'd, could never die,
Transparent hereticks, be burnt for liars.
One fairer than my love! th' all-seeing sun
Ne'er saw her match, since first the world begun.

Ben. Tut, tut, you saw her fair, none else being by,
Her self pois'd with her self in either eye:
But in those chrystal scales, let there be weigh'd
Your lady love against some other maid
That I will shew you, shining at this feast,
And she will shew scant well, that now shews best.

Rom. I'll go along, no such sight to be shewn,
But to rejoice in splendor of mine own.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Capulet's House.

Enter Lady Capulet and Nurse.

La. Cap. NURSE, where's my daughter? call her forth to me.

Nurse. Now (by my maiden head, at twelve years old) I bad her come; what lamb, what lady-bird, God forbid——where's this girl? what, *Juliet*?

Enter Juliet.

Jul. How now, who calls?

Nurse. Your mother.

Jul. Madam, I am here, what is your will?

La. Cap. This is the matter——*Nurse*, give leave a while, we must talk in secret; *nurse* come back again, I have remembered me, thou shalt hear our counsel; thou know'st my daughter's of a pretty age.

Nurse. Faith I can tell her age unto an hour.

La. Cap. She's not fourteen.

Nurse. I'll lay fourteen of my teeth, and yet to my teen be it spoken, I have but four, she's not fourteen; how long is it now to *Lammas-tide*?

La. Cap. A fortnight and odd days.

Nurse. Even or odd, of all days in the year, come *Lammas-eve* at night shall she be fourteen. *Susan* and she (God rest all christian souls) were of an age. Well, *Susan* is with God; she was too good for me. But as I said, on *Lammas-eve* at night shall she be fourteen, that shall she, marry, I remember it well. 'Tis since the earthquake now eleven years, and she was wean'd, I never shall forget it, of all the days in the year, upon that day; for I had then laid worm-wood to my dug, sitting in the sun under the dove-house wall, my lord and you were then at *Mantua*——nay, I do bear a brain. But as I said, when it did taste the worm-wood on the nipple of my dug, and felt it bitter, pretty fool, to see it teachy, and fall out with the dug. Shake, quoth the dove-

dove-house—'twas no need I trow to bid me trudge; and since that time it is eleven years, for then she could stand alone, nay, by th' rood she could have run, and wadled all about; for even the day before she broke her brow, and then my husband, (God be with his soul, a was a merry man,) took up the child; yea, quoth he, dost thou fall upon thy face; thou wilt fall backward when thou hast more wit, wilt thou not, *Jul*? and by my holy dam, the pretty wretch left crying, and said, ay; To see now how a jest shall come about. I warrant, an I should live a thousand years, I should not forget it; Wilt thou not, *Jul*, quoth he? and pretty fool, it stinted, and said, ay.

La. Cap. Enough of this, I pray thee hold thy peace.

Nurse. Yes, madam; yet I cannot chuse but laugh, to think it should leave crying, and say. ay; and yet I warrant it had upon its brow a bump as big as a young cockrel's stone: a perilous knock, and it cried bitterly. Yea, quoth my husband, fall'st upon thy face? thou wilt fall backward when thou comest to age; wilt thou not, *Jul*? it stinted, and said, ay.

Jul. And stint thee too, I pray thee, nurse, say I.

Nurse. Peace, I have done: God mark thee to his grace,

Thou wast the prettiest babe that e'er I nurs't.
An I might live to see thee married once,
I have my wish.

La. Cap. And that same marriage is the very theme I come to talk of. Tell me, daughter *Juliet*,
How stands your disposition to be married?

Jul. It is an honour that I dream not of.

Nurse. An honour? were not I thine only nurse,
I'd say thou hast suck'd wisdom from thy teat.

La. Cap. Well, think of marriage now; younger
than you

Here in *Verona*, ladies of esteem,
Are made already mothers. By my count,
I was your mother much upon these years
That you are now a maid. Thus then in brief,

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ROMEO and JULIET.

17

The valiant *Paris* seeks you for his love.

Nurse. A man, young lady, lady, such a man
As all the world——Why he's a man of wax.

La. Cap. *Verona's* summer hath not such a flower.

Nurse. Nay he's a flower, in faith a very flower.

La. Cap. What say you, can you like the gentleman?
This Night you shall behold him at our feast,
Read o'er the volume of young *Paris's* face,
And find delight writ there with beauty's pen;
Examine ev'ry several lineament,
And, seen how one another lends content:
And what obscur'd in this fair volume lyes,
Find written in the margin of his eyes.
This precious book of love, this unbound lover,
To beautify him only lacks a cover.
The fish lives in the sea, and 'tis much pride,
For fair without the fair, within to hide.
That book in many eyes doth share the glory,
That in gold clasps locks in the golden story.
So shall you share all that he doth possess,
By having him, making yourself no less.

Nurse. No less? nay, bigger women grow by men.

La. Cap. Speak briefly; can you like of *Paris's* love?

Jul. I'll look to like, if looking liking move.

But no more deep will I indart mine eye,
Than your consent gives strength to make it fly.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Madam, the guests are come, supper serv'd up,
you call'd, my young lady ask'd for, the nurse curs'd
in the pantry, and every thing in extremity. I must
hence to wait, I beseech you follow strait.

La. Cap. We follow thee. *Juliet*, the county stays.

Nurse. Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy days.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

A Street before Capulet's House.

Enter Romeo, Mercutio, Benvolio, *with five or
six other maskers, torch-bearers, and drums.*

Rom. What, shall this speech be spoke for our excuse?
Or shall we on without apology?

Ben.

Ben. The date is out of such prolixity.
 We'll have no *Cupid* hood wink'd with a scarf,
 Bearing a Tartar's painted bow of lath,
 Scaring the ladies like a crow-keeper:
 Nor a without-book prologue faintly spoke
 After the prompter, for our entrance.
 But let them measure us by what they will,
 We'll measure them a measure, and be gone.

Rom. Give me a torch, I am not for this ambling;
 Being but heavy, I will bear the light.

Mer. Nay, gentle *Romeo*, we must have you dance.

Rom. Not I, believe me; you have dancing shoes
 With nimble soles, I have a soul of lead,
 So stakes me to the ground I cannot move.

Mer. You are a lover, borrow *Cupid's* wings,
 And soar with them above a common bound.

Rom. I am to fore enpierced with his shaft,
 To soar with his light feathers; and so bound,
 I cannot bound a pitch above dull woe:
 Under love's heavy burden do I sink.

Mer. And to sink in it should you burden love.
 Too great oppression for a tender thing!

Rom. Is love a tender thing? it is too rough,
 Too rude, too boist'rous, and it pricks like thorn.

Mer. If love be rough with you, be rough with love!
 Prick love for pricking, and you beat love down.
 Give me a case to put my visage in,
 A visor for a visor; what care I,
 What curious eye doth quote deformities,
 Here are the beetle brows shall blush for me.

Ben. Come, knock and enter, and no sooner in,
 But ev'ry man betake him to his legs.

Rom. A torch for me. Let wantons, light of heart,
 Tickle the senseless rushes with their heels;
 For I am proverb'd with a grand-fire phrase;
 I'll be a candle-holder, and look on,
 The game was ne'er so fair, and I am done.

Mer. Tut, dun's the mouse, the constable's own word;
 If thou art dun, we'll draw thee from the mire;
 Or, save your reverence, love, wherein thou stickest

Up

Up to thine ears ; come, we burn day-light, ho.

Rom. Nay, that's not so.

Mer. I mean, Sir, in delay.

We burn our lights by light, and lamps by day.

Take our good meaning, for our judgment sits

Five times in That, ere once in our fine wits.

Rom. And we mean well in going to this mask ;
But 'tis no wit to go.

Mer. Why, may one ask ?

Rom. I dreamt a dream, to night.

Mer. And so did I.

Rom. Well ; what was yours ?

Mer. That dreamers often lie.

Rom.—In bed asleep ; while they do dream things true.

Mer. O then I see queen Mab hath been with you.

She is the fancy's mid-wife, and she comes

In shape no bigger than an agat-stone

On the fore-finger of an Alderman,

Drawn with a team of little atomies,

Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep :

Her waggon-spokes made of long spinners legs ;

The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers ;

The traces, of the smallest spider's web ;

The collars, of the moonshine's watry beams ;

Her whip, of cricket's bone ; the lash, of film ;

Her waggoner a small grey-coated gnat,

Not half so big as a round little worm,
Prickt from the lazy finger of a maid.

Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,

Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,

Time out of mind the faries coach-makers :

And in this state she gallops night by night,

Through lovers brains, and then they dream of love :

On courtiers knees, that dream on curtsies strait :

O'er lawyers fingers, who strait dream on fees :

O'er ladies lips, who strait on kisses dream,

Which oft the angry *Mab* with blisters plagues,

Because their breaths with sweet-meats tainted are.

Sometimes she gallops o'er a lawyer's nose,

And then dreams he of smelling out a suit :

And

And sometimes comes she with a tith-pig's tail,
 Tickling the Parson as he lies asleep;
 Then dreams he of another benefice.
 Sometimes she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
 And then he dreams of cutting foreign throats,
 Of breaches, ambuscadoes, *Spanish* blades,
 Of healths five fathom deep; and then anon
 Drums in his ears, at which he starts and wakes,
 And being thus frightened, swears a prayer or two,
 And sleeps again. This is that very *Mab*
 That plats the manes of horses in the night,
 And cakes the elf-locks in foul sluttish hairs,
 Which once untangled, much misfortune bodes.
 This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs;
 That presses them, and learns them first to bear,
 Making them women of good carriage:
 This is she——

Rom. Peace, peace, *Mercutio*, peace:
 Thou talk'st of nothing.

Mer. True, I talk of dreams;
 Which are the children of an idle brain,
 Begot of nothing, but vain phantasy.
 Which is as thin of substance as the air,
 And more unconstant than the wind; who woos
 Ev'n now the frozen bosom of the north,
 And being anger'd puffs away from thence,
 Turning his face to the dew-dropping south.

Ben. This wind you talk of blows us from ourselves;
 Supper is done, and we shall come too late.

Rom. I fear too early; for my mind misgives
 Some consequence, yet hanging in the stars,
 Shall bitterly begin his fearful date
 With this night's revels, and expire the term
 Of a despised life clos'd in my breast,
 By some vile forfeit of untimely death.
 But he that hath the steerage of my course,
 Direct my suit! On, lusty gentlemen.

Ben. Strike, drum.

[*They march about the stage, and go off.*]

S C E N E

SCENE VI.

Capulet's House, and Servants come forth with their napkins.

1 *Serv.* Where's *Potpan*, that he helps not to take away? he shift a trencher! he scrape a trencher!

2 *Serv.* When good manners shall lie all in one or two mens hands, and they unwash'd too, it is a foul thing.

1 *Serv.* Away with the joint-stools, remove the court-cup-board, look to the plate: good thou, save me a piece of march-pane; and as thou lovest me, let the porter let in *Susan Grindstone*, and *Nell*, *Antony*, and *Potpan*.

2 *Serv.* Ay, boy, ready.

1 *Serv.* You are look'd for, call'd for, ask'd for, and sought for, in the great chamber.

2 *Serv.* We cannot be here and there too; chearly boys; be brisk a while, and the longer liver take all.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.

Enter all the guests and ladies with the maskers.

1 *Cap.* Welcome gentlemen. Ladies that have your feet

Unplagu'd with corns, we'll have a bout with you.

Ah me, my mistresses, which of you all

Will now deny to dance? she that makes dainty

I'll swear hath corns; am I come near ye now?

Welcome all gentlemen, I've seen the day

That I have worn a visor, and could tell

A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear,

Such as would please: 'tis gone; 'tis gone; 'tis gone!

[*Musick plays, and they dance.*]

More light, ye knaves, and turn the tables up;

And quench the fire, the room is grown too hot.

Ah, firrah, this unlook'd for sport comes well.

Nay sit, nay sit, good cousin *Capulet*,

For you and I are past our dancing days;

How long is't now since last your self and I

Were in a mask?

2 *Cap.*

2 *Cap.* By'r lady, thirty years.

1 *Cap.* What, man! 'tis not so much, 'tis not so much;
'Tis since the nuptial of *Lucentio*,
Come Pentecost as quickly as it will,
Some five and twenty years, and then we mask'd.

2 *Cap.* 'Tis more, 'tis more; his son is elder, Sir:
His son is thirty.

1 *Cap.* Will you tell me that?
His son was but a ward two years ago.

Rom. What lady's that which doth enrich the hand
Of yonder knight?

Ser. I know not, Sir.

Rom. O she doth teach the torches to burn bright;
Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night,
Like a rich jewel in an *Æthiop's* ear:
Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear!
So shews a snowy dove trooping with crows,
As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows.
The measure done, I'll watch her place of stand,
And touching hers, make happy my rude hand.
Did my heart love till now? forswear it, fight;
I never saw true beauty till this night.

Tib. This by his voice should be a *Montague*,
Fetch me my rapier, boy: what, dares the slave
Come hither cover'd with an antick face,
To flier and scorn at our solemnity?
Now by the stock and honour of my kin,
To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.

Cap. Why how now, kinsman, wherefore storm you so?

Tib. Uncle, this is a *Montague*, our foe:
A villain that is hither come in spite,
To scorn at our solemnity this night.

Cap. Young *Romeo*, is't?

Tib. That villain *Romeo*.

Cap. Content thee, gentle coz, let him alone,
He bears him like a portly gentleman:
And to say truth, *Verona* brags of him,
To be a virtuous and well-govern'd youth.
I would not for the wealth of all this town
Here in my house do him disparagement;

Therefore

Therefore be patient, take no note of him ;
It is my will, the which if thou respect,
Shew a fair presence, and put off these frowns,
And ill-beseeming semblance for a feast.

Tib. It fits, when such a villain is a guest.
I'll not endure him.

Cap. He shall be endur'd.
What, Goodman boy—I say he shall. Go to—
Am I the master here, or you? go to—
You'll not endure him! God shall mend my soul.
You'll make a mutiny among my guests:
You will set cock-a-hoop? you'll be the man?

Tib. Why, uncle, 'tis a shame.

Cap. Go, go, go to.
You are a saucy boy—is't so indeed—
This trick may chance to scathe you; I know what.
You must contrary me! marry, 'tis time.
Well said, my hearts—You are a Princ Cox, go.
Be quiet, or (more light, more light, for shame)
I'll make you quiet—What? cheerly, my hearts.

Tib. Patience perforce with wilful choler meeting,
Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting.
I will withdraw; but this intrusion shall,
Now seeming sweet, convert to bitter gall.

Rom. If I prophane with my unworthy hand

[To Juliet.]

This holy shrine, the gentle fin is this,
My lips two blushing pilgrims ready stand,
To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss.
Jul. Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too much,
Which mannerly devotion shews in this;
For saints have hands that pilgrims hands do touch,
And palm to palm is holy palmer's kiss.

Rom. Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too?

Jul. Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use in prayer.

Rom. O then, dear saint, let lips do what hands do,
They pray, (grant thou) lest faith turn to despair.

Jul. Saints do not move, yet grant for prayers sake.

Rom. Then move not while my prayers effect I take.

Thus

Thus from my lips, by thine my sin is purg'd.

[Kissing her.

Jul. Then have my lips the sin that late they took.

Rom. Sin from my lips! O trespasses sweetly urg'd:
Give me my sin again.

Jul. You kifs by th' book.

Nurse. Madam, your mother craves a word with you.

Rom. What is her mother?

[To her nurse.

Nurse. Marry, batchelor,

Her mother is the lady of the house,
And a good lady, and a wise and virtuous.
I nurs'd her daughter that you talkt withal;
I tell you, he that can lay hold of her
Shall have the chink.

Rom. Is she a *Capulet*?

O dear account! my life is my foe's debt.

Ben. Away, be gone, the sport is at the best.

Rom. Ay, so I fear, the more is my unrest.

Cap. Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone,
We have a trifling foolish banquet towards.
Is it e'en so? why then, I thank you all.
I thank you honest gentlemen, good night;
More torches here—come on, then let's to bed,
Ah, firrah, by my fay it waxes late,
I'll to my rest.

[Exeunt.

Jul. Come hither, nurse, what is yon gentleman?

Nurse. The son and heir of old *Tiberio*.

Jul. What's he that now is going out of door?

Nurse. That as I think is young *Petruchio*.

Jul. What's he that follows here, that would not

Nurse. I know not.

[dance?

Jul. Go ask his name. If he be married,
My grave is like to be my wedding-bed.

Nurse. His name is *Romeo*, and a *Montague*,
The only son of your great enemy.

Jul. My only love sprung from my only hate!
Too early seen, unknown; and known too late;
Prodigious birth of love it is to me,
That I must love a loathed enemy.

Nurse. What's this? what's this?

Jul.

Jul. A rhyme I learn'd e'en now
Of one I danc'd withal. [*One calls within, Juliet.*

Nurse. Anon, anon——
Come, let's away, the strangers all are gone. [*Exeunt.*

Enter CHORUS.

NOW old desire doth on his death-bed lye,
And young affection gapes to be his heir :
That Fair, for which love groan'd fore, and would
die,

With tender *Juliet* match'd, is now not fair.
Now *Romeo* is belov'd, and loves again,
Alike bewitched with the charm of looks :
But to his foe suppos'd he must complain,
And she steal love's sweet bait from fearful hooks:
Being held a foe, he may not have access
To breath such vows as lovers use to swear ;
And she as much in love, her means much less,
To meet her new-beloved any-where :
But passion lends them power, time means to meet,
Temp'ring extremities with extream sweet. [*Exit. Chor.*

. A C T II.

S C E N E I. *The Street.*

Enter Romeo alone.

Rom. Can I go forward when my heart is here ?
Turn back dull earth, and find thy center out. [*Exit.*

Enter Benvolio with Mercutio.

Ben. *Romeo*, my cousin *Romeo*.

Mer. He is wise,
And on my life hath stol'n him home to bed.

Ben. He ran his way, and leap'd this orchard wall.
Call, good *Mercutio*.

Mer. Nay, I'll conjure too.

Why, *Romeo* ! humours ! madman ! passion ! lover !

Appear thou in the likeness of a Sigh.

Speak but one Rhime, and I am satisfied.

Cry but *Ay me* ! couple but *love* and *dove*,

C

Speak

Jul.

Speak to my gossip *Venus* one fair word,
 One nick-name to her pur-blind son and heir,
 (Young *Abraham Cupid*, he that shot so true,
 When king *Cophetua* lov'd the beggar-maid—)
 He heareth not, he stirreth not, he moveth not,
 The ape is dead, and I must conjure him.
 I conjure thee by *Rosaline's* bright eyes,
 By her high fore-head, and her scarlet lip,
 By her fine foot, straight leg, and quivering thigh,
 And the demesns that there adjacent lye,
 That in thy likeness thou appear to us.

Ben. And if he hear thee, thou wilt anger him.

Mer. This cannot anger him: 'twould anger him
 To raise a spirit in his mistress' circle,
 Of some strange nature, letting it there stand
 'Till she had laid it, and conjur'd it down;
 That were some spight. My invocation is
 Honest and fair, and in his mistress' name,
 I conjure only but to raise up him.

Ben. Come, he hath hid himself among these trees,
 To be consoorted with the hum'rous night:
 Blind is his love, and best befits the dark.

Mer. If love be blind, love cannot hit the mark.
 Now will he sit under a medlar-tree,
 And wish his mistress were that kind of fruit,
 Which maids call medlars when they laugh alone—
Romeo, good night, I'll to my truckle-bed,
 This field-bed is too cold for me to sleep:
 Come, shall we go?

Ben. Go then, for 'tis in vain
 To seek him here that means not to be found.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Capulet's GARDEN.

Enter Romeo.

Rom. **H**E jests at scars that never felt a wound—
 But soft, what light thro' yonder window
 breaks?

It is the east, and *Juliet* is the sun!

(*Juliet appears above at a window*)

Arise,

Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,
Who is already sick and pale with grief,
That thou, her maid, art far more fair than she.
Be not her maid since she is envious:
Her vestal livery is but sick and green,
And none but fools do wear it, cast it off——
She speaks, yet she says nothing; what of that?
Her eye discourses, I will answer it——
I am too bold, 'tis not to me she speaks:
Two of the fairest stars of all the heav'n,
Having some business, do intreat her eyes
To twinkle in their spheres 'till they return:
What if her eyes were there, they in her head?
The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars,
As day-light doth a lamp; her eyes in heav'n,
Would through the airy region stream so bright,
That birds would sing and think it were not night:
See how she leans her cheek upon her hand!
O that I were a glove upon that hand!
That I might touch that cheek!

Jul. Ah me!

Rom. She speaks.

Oh speak again, bright angel, for thou art
As glorious to the sight, being o'er my head,
As is a winged messenger from heav'n,
Unto the white upturned wondering eyes
Of mortals, that fall back to gaze on him,
When he bestrides the lazy pacing clouds,
And sails upon the bosom of the air.

Jul. O *Romeo*, *Romeo*——wherefore art thou *Romeo*?
Thou art thyself, though not a *Montague*.
Deny thy father, and refuse thy name:
Or if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,
And I'll no longer be a *Capulet*.

Rom. Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this? (*aside*.)

Jul. 'Tis but thy name that is my enemy:
What's *Montague*? it is not hand nor foot,
Nor arm, nor face——nor any other part.
What's in a name? that which we call a rose,
By any other name would smell as sweet.

So *Romeo* would, were he not, *Romeo* call'd,
 Retain that dear perfection which he owes,
 Without that title; *Romeo*, quit thy name,
 And for thy name, which is no part of thee,
 Take all my self.

Rom. I take thee at thy word :
 Call me but love, and I'll be new baptiz'd,
 Henceforth I never will be *Romeo*.

Jul. What man art thou, that thus bescreen'd in night
 So stumblest on my counsel ?

Rom. By a name
 I know not how to tell thee who I am :
 My name, dear saint, is hateful to my self,
 Because it is an enemy to thee.
 Had I it written, I would tear the word.

Jul. My ears have yet not drunk a hundred words
 Of that tongue's uttering, yet I know the sound.
 Art thou not *Romeo*, and a *Montague* ?

Rom. Neither, fair saint, if either thee dislike.

Jul. How cam'st thou hither, tell me, and wherefore?
 The orchard walls are high, and hard to climb,
 And the place death, considering who thou art,
 If any of my kinsmen find thee here.

Rom. With love's light wings did I o'er-perch these
 walls,

For stony limits cannot hold love out
 And what love can do, that dares love attempt :
 Therefore thy kinsmen are no stop to me.

Jul. If they do see thee, they will murder thee.

Rom. Alack there lies more peril in thine eye,
 Than twenty of their swords ; look thou but sweet,
 And I am proof against their enmity.

Jul. I would not for the world they saw thee here.

Rom. I have night's cloak to hide me from their eyes,
 And but thou love me, let them find me here ;
 My life were better ended by their hate ;
 Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love.

Jul. By whose direction found'st thou out this place ?

Rom. By love, that first did prompt me to enquire,
 He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes :

I am

I am no pilot, yet wert thou as far
As that vast shore, wash'd with the farthest sea,
I would adventure for such merchandise.

Jul. Thou know'st the mask of night is on my face,
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek
For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night.
Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny
What I have spoke—but farewell compliment:
Dost thou love me? I know thou wilt say, ay,
And I will take thy word—yet if thou swear'st,
Thou may'st prove false; at lovers perjuries
They say *Jove* laughs. Oh gentle *Romeo*,
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully:
Or if you think I am too quickly won,
I'll frown and be perverse, and say thee nay,
So thou wilt woo: but else not for the world.

In truth fair *Montague*, I am too fond;
And therefore thou may'st think my 'haviour light:
But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true,
Than those that have more cunning to be strange.
I should have been more strange, I must confess,
But that thou over-hard'st, ere I was ware,
My true love's passion; therefore pardon me,
And not impute this yielding to light love,
Which the dark night hath so discovered.

Rom. Lady, by yonder blessed moon I vow,
That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops—

Jul. O swear not by the moon, th'inconstant moon,
That monthly changes in her circled orb;
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

Rom. What shall I swear by?

Jul. Do not swear at all;
Or if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,
Which is the god of my idolatry,
And I'll believe thee.

Rom. If my true heart's love—

Jul. Well, do not swear—although I joy in thee,
I have no joy of this contract to-night;
It is too rash, too unadvis'd, too sudden,
Too like the lightning which doth cease to be

Ere one can say, it lightens—sweet, good night.
 This bud of love by summer's ripening breath
 May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet :
 Good night, good night—as sweet repose and rest
 Come to thy heart, as that within my breast.

Rom. O wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

Jul. What satisfaction can'st thou have to night?

Rom. Th' exchange of thy love's faithful vow for mine.

Jul. I gave thee mine before thou didst request it :
 And yet I would it were to give again.

Rom. Wouldst thou withdraw it? for what purpose,
 love?

Jul. But to be frank, and give it thee again.

And yet I wish but for the thing I have :

My bounty is as boundless as the sea,

My love as deep ; the more I give to thee,

The more I have ; for both are infinite.

I hear some noise within ; dear love adieu.

[*Nurse calls within.*]

Anon, good nurse—Sweet *Montague* be true :

Stay but a little, I will come again.

[*Exit.*]

Rom. O blessed, blessed night. I am afraid

Being in night, all this is but a dream ;

Too flattering sweet to be substantial.

[*Re-enter Juliet above.*]

Jul. Three words, dear *Romeo*, and good night
 indeed :

If that thy bent of love be honourable,

They purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow,

By one that I'll procure to come to thee,

Where and what time thou wilt perform the rite ;

And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay,

And follow thee, my love, throughout the world.

[*Within: Madam.*]

I come, anon—but if thou mean'st not well,

I do beseech thee—[*Within: Madam.*] By and by

I come—

To cease thy suit, and leave me to my grief.

To-morrow will I send.

Rom. So thrive my soul.

Jul.

ROMEO and JULIET. 31

Jul. A thousand times good-night. [Exit.

Rom. A thousand times the worse to want thy light.
Love goes tow'rd love, as school-boys from their books,
But love from love, towards school with heavy looks.

Enter Juliet again.

Jul. Hilt! *Romeo*, hilt! O for a falkner's voice,
To lure this Tassel gentle back again ———
Bondage is hoarse and may not speak aloud,
Else would I tear the cave where Echo lies,
And make her airy tongue more hoarse than mine
With repetition of my *Romeo*.

Rom. It is my love that calls upon my name,
How silver-sweet sound lovers tongues by night,
Like softest musick to attending ears!

Jul. *Romeo*.

Rom. My sweet!

Jul. At what a clock to-morrow
Shall I send to thee i

Rom. By the hour of nine.

Jul. I will not fail, 'tis twenty years tiil then, ———
I have forgot why I did call the back.

Rom. Let me stand here 'till thou remember it.

Jul. I shall forget, to have thee still stand there,
Remembring how I love thy company.

Rom. And I'll still stay to have thee still forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.

Jul. 'Tis almost morning. I would have thee gone,
And yet no further than a wanton's bird,
That lets it hop a little from her hand,
Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves,
And with a silk thread plucks it back again,
So loving jealous of his liberty.

Rom. I would I were thy bird.

Jul. Sweet, so would I,
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.
Good-night, good-night. Parting is such sweet sorrow,
That I shall say good-night 'till it be morrow. [Exit.

Rom. Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast;
Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest!
Hence will I to my ghostly friar's close cell,
His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell. [Exit.

SCENE

SCENE III.

*A Monastery.**Enter Friar Lawrence, with a basket.*

Fri. **T**H E grey-ey'd morn smiles on the frowning night,

Check'ring the eastern clouds with streaks of light.

And darkness flecker'd like a drunkard reels

From forth day's path, and *Titan's* burning wheels.

Now ere the sun advance his burning eye,

The day to chear, and night's dank dew to dry,

I must fill up this osier cage of ours

With baleful weeds, and precious-juiced flowers.

The earth that's nature's mother, is her tomb,

What is her burying grave, that is her womb;

And from her womb children of divers kind

We sucking on her natural bosom find:

Many for many virtues excellent,

None but for some, and yet all different.

O mickle is the powerful grace, that lies

In plants, herbs, stones, and their true qualities.

For nought so vile, that on the earth doth live,

But to the earth some special good doth give:

Nor ought so good, but strain'd from that fair use,

Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse.

Virtue itself turns vice, being misapply'd,

And vice sometime by action's dignify'd.

Within the infant rind of this small flower

Poison hath residence, and medicine power:

For this being smelt, with that sense chears each part;

Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart.

Two such oppos'd foes encamp them still

In man, as well as herbs; Grace, and rude Will:

And where the worser is predominant,

Full soon the canker death eats up that plant.

Enter Romeo.

Rom. Good-morrow, father.

Fri. Benedicite.

What

What early tongue so sweet saluteth me ?
 Young son, it argues a distemper'd head,
 So soon to bid good morrow to thy bed :
 Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,
 And where care lodgeth, sleep will never lye ;
 But where unbruised youth with unstuff'd brain
 Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep doth reign.
 Therefore thy earliness doth me assure,
 Thou art up-rouz'd by some distemp'rature ;
 Or if not so, then here I hit it right,
 Our *Romeo* hath not been in bed to-night.

Rom. That last is true, the sweeter rest was mine.

Fri. God pardon sin ! wast thou with *Rosaline* ?

Rom. With *Rosaline*, my ghostly father ? no.
 I have forgot that name, and that name's woe.

Fri. That's my good son ; but where hast thou been then ?

Rom. I'll tell thee ere thou ask it me again ;
 I have been feasting with mine enemy,
 Where on a sudden one hath wounded me,
 That's by me wounded ; both our remedies
 Within thy help and holy physick lies ;
 I bear no hatred, blessed man, for lo
 My intercession likewise steads my foe.

Fri. Be plain, good son, and homely in thy drift ;
 Ridling confession finds but ridling shrift.

Rom. Then plainly know my heart's dear love is set
 On the fair daughter of rich *Capulet* ;
 As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine,
 And all combin'd, save what thou must combine
 By holy marriage : when, and where, and how
 We met, we woo'd, and made exchange of vow,
 I'll tell thee as we pass ; but this I pray,
 That thou consent to marry us to-day.

Fri. Holy saint *Francis*, what a change is here ?
 Is *Rosaline*, whom thou didst love so dear,
 So soon forsaken ? young men's love then lies
 Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.
Jesu Maria ! what a deal of brine
 Hath wash't thy fallow cheeks for *Rosaline* ?

How

What

How much salt water thrown away in waste,
 To season love, that of it doth not taste?
 The sun not yet thy sighs from heaven clears,
 Thy old groans ring yet in my ancient ears;
 Lo here upon thy cheek the stain doth sit
 Of an old tear that is not wash'd off yet.
 If e'er thou wast thy self, and these woes thine,
 Thou and these woes were all for *Rosaline*.
 And art thou chang'd? pronounce this sentence then,
 Women may fall, when there's no strength in men.

Rom. Thou chid'st me oft for loving *Rosaline*.

Fri. For doating not for loving, pupil mine.

Rom. And bad'st me bury love.

Fri. Not in a grave,

To lay one in, another out to have.

Rom. I pray thee chide not: she whom I love now
 Doth grace for grace, and love for love allow:
 The other did not so.

Fri. Oh she knew well

Thy love did read by rote, and could not spell.
 But come young waverer, come, and go with me,
 In one respect I'll thy assistant be:
 For this alliance may so happy prove,
 To turn your household-rancour to pure love.

Rom. O let us hence, I stand on sudden haste.

Fri. Wisely and slow; they stumble that run fast.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

The STREET.

Enter Benvolio and Mercutio.

Mer. **W**HERE the devil should this *Romeo* be?
 came he not home to night?

Ben. Not to his father's, I spoke with his man.

Mer. Why that same pale hard-hearted wench, that
Rosaline, torments him so, that he will sure run mad.

Ben. *Tibalt*, the kinsman to old *Capulet*, hath sent a
 letter to his father's house.

-Mer.

Mer. A challenge on my life.

Ben. *Romeo* will answer it,

Mer. Any man that can write, may answer a letter.

Ben. Nay he will answer the letter's master, how he dares, being dar'd.

Mer. Alas, poor *Romeo*, he is already dead! stabb'd with a white wench's black eyes, run through the ear with a love-song, the very pin of his heart cleft with the blind bow-boy's butt-shaft; and is he a man to encounter *Tibalt*?

Ben. Why, what is *Tibalt*?

Mer. More than prince of cats. Oh, he's the courageous captain of compliments; he fights as you sing prick-songs, keeps time, distance, and proportion; rests his minum, one, two, and the third in your bosom; the very butcher of a silk button, a duellist, a duellist; a gentleman of the very first house of the first and second cause; ah the immortal passado, the punto reverso, the hay——

Ben. The what?

Mer. The pox of such antick, lipping, affected phantasies, these new tuners of accents: —— *Jesu*, a very good blade, —— a very tall man —— a very good whore. —— Why is not this a lamentable thing, grand-fire, that we should be thus afflicted with these strange flies, these fashion-mongers, these *pardon-me's*, who stand so much on the new form that they cannot sit at ease on the old bench. O their *bon's*, their *ban's*!

Enter Romeo.

Ben. Here comes *Romeo*, here comes *Romeo*.

Mer. Without his roe, like a dried herring. O flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified? Now is he for the numbers that *Petrarch* flow'd in: *Laura* to his lady was but a kitchen-wench; marry she had a better love to berime her: *Dido* a dowdy, *Cleopatra* a gipsie, *Helen* and *Hero* childings and harlots: *Thisby* a grey eye or so, but not to the purpose. Signior *Romeo*, *bonjour*, there's a *French* salutation to your *French* slop. You gave us the counterfeit fairly last night.

Rom. Good-morrow to you both. What counterfeit did I give you?

Mer.

Mer. The slip, Sir, the slip : can you not conceive?

Rom. Pardon, good *Mercutio*, my business was great, and in such a case as mine, a man may strain curtesy.

Mer. That's as much as to say, such a case as yours constrains a man to bow in the hams.

Rom. Meaning to curtsie.

Mer. Thou hast most kindly hit it.

Rom. A most courteous exposition.

Mer. Nay, I am the very pink of courtesie.

Rom. Pink for flower.

Mer. Right.

Rom. Why then is my pump well flower'd.

Mer. Sure wit —— follow me this jest, now, till thou hast worn out thy pump, that when the single sole of it is worn, the jest may remain after the wearing, folly-singular.

Rom. O single-sol'd jest,
Solely singular, for the singleness.

Mer. Come between us, good *Benvolio*, my wit faints.

Rom. Switch and spurs,
Switch and spurs, or I'll cry a match.

Mer. Nay, if our wits run the wild-goose chase, I am done : for thou hast more of the wild-goose in one of thy wits, than I am sure I have in my whole five. Was I with you there for the goose?

Rom. Thou wast never with me for any thing, when thou wast not there for the goose.

Mer. I will bite thee by the ear for that jest.

Rom. Nay, good goose, bite not.

Mer. Thy wit is a very bitter sweeting,
It is a most sharp sawce.

Rom. And is it not well serv'd in to a sweet goose?

Mer. O here's a wit of cheverel, that stretches from an inch narrow, to an ell broad.

Rom. I stretch it out for that word broad, which added to the goose, proves thee far and wide a broad goose.

Mer. Why is not this better than groaning for love? Now thou art sociable ; now art thou *Romeo* ; now art thou what thou art, by art, as well as by nature ;

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Ben
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I desire
Ben.
Mer.

for this drivelling love is like a great natural, that runs
lolling up and down to hide his bauble in a hole.

Ben. Stop there, stop there.

Mer. Thou desirest me to stop in my tale against the
hair.

Ben. Thou wouldst else have made thy tale large.

Mer. O thou art deceiv'd, I would have made it short,
for I was come to the whole depth of my tale, and
meant indeed to occupy the argument no longer.

Enter Nurse and Peter her man.

Rom. Here's goodly gear : a sayle ! a sayle !

Mer. Two, two, a shirt and a smock.

Nurse. Peter.

Pet. Anon.

Nurse. My fan, *Peter.*

Mer. Do, good *Peter*, to hide her face ; for her fan's
the fairer of the two.

Nurse. God ye good-morrow, gentlemen.

Mer. God ye good-den, fair gentlewoman.

Nurse. Is it good-den ?

Mer. 'Tis no less, I tell you ; for the bawdy hand of
the dial is now upon the prick of noon.

Nurse. Out upon you, what a man are you ?

Rom. One, gentlewoman, that God hath made, him-
self to mar.

Nurse. By my troth it is well said : for himself to
mar, quotha ? Gentlemen, can any of you tell me
where I may find the young *Romeo* ?

Rom. I can tell you : but young *Romeo* will be older
when you have found him, than he was when you
sought him : I am the youngest of that name, for fault
of a worse.

Nurse. You say well.

Mer. Yea, is the worst well ?

Very well took, i'faith, wisely, wisely.

Nurse. If you be he, Sir,
I desire some confidence with you.

Ben. She will indite him to some supper.

Mer. A bawd, a bawd, a bawd. So ho ! —

D

Rom.

Rom. What hast thou found?

Mer. No hare, Sir, unless a hare, Sir, in a lenten pye; that is something stale and hoar ere it be spent. An old hare hore, and an old hare hore, is very good meat in *Lent*.

But a hare that is hoar, is too much for a score, when it hores ere it be spent.

Romeo, will you come to your father's? we'll to dinner thither.

Rom. I will follow you.

Mer. Farewel, ancient lady:

Farewel lady, lady, lady. [*Exeunt* Mercutio, Benvolio.

Nurse. I pray you, Sir, what saucy merchant was this that was so full of his ropery?

Rom. A gentleman, nurse, that loves to hear himself talk, and will speak more in a minute, than he will stand to in a month.

Nurse. An a speak any thing against me, I'll take him down an he were lustier than he is, and twenty such jacks: and if I cannot, I'll find those that shall. Scurvy-knave, I am none of his flirt-gills; I am none of his skains-mates. And thou must stand by too, and suffer every knave to use me at his pleasure.

[*To her man.*

Pet. I saw no man use you at his pleasure: if I had, my weapon should quickly have been out, I warrant you, I dare draw as soon as another man, if I see occasion in a good quarrel, and the law on my side.

Nurse. Now afore God, I am so vext, that every part about me quivers——Scurvy knave! Pray you, Sir, a word: and as I told you, my young lady bid me enquire you out: what she bid me to say, I will keep to my self: but first let me tell ye, if ye should lead her into a fool's paradise, as they say, it were a very gross kind of behaviour, as they say; for the gentlewoman is young, and therefore if you should deal double with her, truly it were an ill thing to be offered to any gentlewoman, and very weak dealing.

Rom. Commend me to thy lady and mistress, I protest unto thee——

Nurse.

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Nurse

Nurse. Good heart, and i'faith I will tell her as much :
Lord, lord, she will be a joyful woman.

Rom. What wilt thou tell her, nurse? thou dost not
mark me.

Nurse. I will tell her, Sir, that you do protest ; which,
as I take it, is a gentleman-like offer.

Rom. Bid her devise some means to come to shrift
this afternoon.

And there she shall at friar *Lawrence*' cell
Be shriv'd and marry'd : here is for thy pains.

Nurse. No, truly Sir, not a penny.

Rom. Go to, I say you shall.

Nurse. This afternoon, Sir? well, she shall be there.

Rom. And stay, good nurse, behind the abbey-wall :
Within this hour my man shall be with thee,
And bring thee cords made like a tackled stair,
Which to the high top-gallant of my joy
Must be my convoy in the secret night.
Farewel, be trusty, and I'll quit thy pains.

Nurse. Now God in heav'n bless thee: hark you, Sir.

Rom. What say'st thou, my dear nurse?

Nurse. Is your man secret? did you ne'er hear say,
Two may keep counsel, putting one away?

Rom. I warrant thee my man's as true as steel.

Nurse. Well, Sir, my Mistress is the sweetest lady !
Lord, lord, when 'twas a little prating thing — O,
there is a nobleman in town, one *Paris*, that would fain
lay knife aboard ; but she, good soul, had as lieve see
a toad, a very toad, as see him : I anger her sometimes,
and tell her that *Paris* is the properer man ; but I'll war-
rant you, when I say so, she looks as pale as any clout
in the versal world. Doth not rosemary and *Romeo* be-
gin both with a letter?

Rom. Ay nurse, what of that? both with an R.

Nurse. Ah mocker! that's the dog's name. R, is
for thee? No, I know it begins with another letter,
and she hath the prettiest sententious of it, of you and
rosemary. that it would do you good to hear it.

Rom. Commend me to thy lady. — [*Exit Romeo.*]

Nurse. Ay, a thousand times. *Peter:*

Pet. Anon.

Nurse. Take my fan, and go before. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.

Capulet's House.

Enter Juliet.

Jul. **T**HE clock struck nine, when I did send the nurse:

I half an hour she promis'd to return.

Perchance she cannot meet him—That's not so—

Oh she is lame: love's heralds should be thoughts,

Which ten times faster glide than the sun-beams,

Driving back shadows over low'ring hills.

Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves draw love,

And therefore hath the wind-swift *Cupid* wings.

Now is the sun upon the highmost hill

Of this day's journey, and from nine till twelve

Is three long hours—and yet she is not come;

Had she affections, and warm youthful blood,

She'd be as swift in motion as a ball;

My words would bandy her to my sweet love,

And his to me.

Enter Nurse, with Peter.

O God, she comes. O honey nurse, what news?

Hast thou met with him? Send thy man away.

Nurse. Peter, stay at the gate. [Exit Peter.

Jul. Now good sweet nurse—

O lord, why look'st thou sad?

Tho' news be sad, yet tell them merrily;

If good, thou shamest the musick of sweet news,

By playing to me with so fowre a face.

Nurse. I am a weary, let me rest a while;

Fy, how my bones ake, what a jaunt have I had?

Jul. I would thou hadst my bones, and I thy news.

Nay come, I pray thee speak—Good nurse speak.

Nurse. Jesu! what haste? can you not stay a while?

Do you not see that I am out of breath?

Jul. How art thou out of breath, when thou hast breath

To

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To say to me that thou art out of breath.
Th' excuse that thou dost make in this delay,
Is longer than the tale thou dost excuse.
Is thy news good or bad? answer to that;
Say either, and I'll stay the circumstance.
Let me be satisfy'd, is't good or bad?

Nurse. Well, you have made a simple choice; you know not how to choose a man: *Romeo*! no, not he; though his face be better than any man's, yet his legs excel all men's, and for a hand, and a foot, and a body, tho' they be not to be talk'd on, yet they are past compare. He is not the flower of courtesie, but I warrant him as gentle as a lamb—Go thy ways wench, serve God—What, have you dined at home?

Jul. No, no—but all this did I know before: What says he of our marriage? what of that?

Nurse. Lord how my head akes! what a head have I! It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces.

My back a t'other side—O my back, my back:
Bethrew your heart, for sending me about,
To catch my death with jaunting up and down.

Jul. I'faith I am sorry that thou art so ill.
Sweet, sweet, sweet nurse, tell me what says my love?

Nurse. Your love says like an honest gentleman,
And a courteous, and a kind, and a handsome,
And I warrant a virtuous—where is your mother?

Jul. Where is my mother? why she is within.
Where should she be? how odly thou reply'st!

Your love says like an honest gentleman:

Where is your mother—

Nurse. O god's lady dear,
Are you so hot: marry come up I trow,
Is this the poultrice for my aking bones?
Hence-forward do your messages your self.

Jul. Here's such a coil; come, what says *Romeo*?

Nurse. Have you got leave to go to shrift to-day?

Jul. I have.

Nurse. Then hie you hence to friar *Lawrence*' cell,
There stays a husband to make you a wife.
Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks,

They'll be in scarlet straight at any news.
 Hie you to church, I must another way,
 To fetch a ladder, by the which your love
 Must climb a bird's nest soon, when it is dark.
 I am the drudge and toil in your delight,
 But you shall bear the burden soon at night.
 Go, I'll to dinner, hie you to the cell.
Jul. Hie to high fortune; honest nurse farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.

*The Monastery.**Enter Friar Lawrence and Romeo.*

Fri. **S**O smile the heav'ns upon this holy act,
 That after-hours with sorrow chide us not.

Rom. Amen, amen; but come what sorrow can,
 It cannot countervail th' exchange of joy,
 That one short minute gives me in her sight:
 Do thou but close our hands with holy words,
 Then love devouring death do what he dare,
 It is enough I may but call her mine.

Fri. These violent delights have violent ends,
 And in their triumph die like fire and powder,
 Which as they meet, consume. The sweetest honey
 Is loathsome in its own deliciousness,
 And in the taste confounds the appetite:
 Therefore love mod'rately, long love doth so:
 Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.

Enter Juliet.

Here comes the lady. O so light a foot
 Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint;
 A lover may bestride the gossamer,
 That idles in the wanton summer air,
 And yet not fall, so light is vanity.

Jul. Good-even to my ghostly confessor.

Fri. Romeo shall thank thee, daughter, for us both.

Jul. As much to him, else are his thanks too much.

Rom. Ah *Juliet*, if the measure of thy joy
 Be heapt like mine, and that thy skill be more
 To blazon it; then sweeten with thy breath

This

This neighbour air, and let rich musick's tongue
Unfold th' imagin'd happiness, that both
Receive in either, by this dear encounter.

Jul. Conceit more rich in manner than in words,
Braggs of his substance, not of ornament:
They are but beggars that can count their worth;
But my true love is grown to such excess,
I cannot sum up one half of my wealth.

Fri. Come, come with me, and we will make short
work,
For, by your leaves, you shall not stay alone,
Till holy church incorporate two in one. [Exeunt.

ACT III. SCENE I.

The STREET.

Enter Mercutio, Benvolio, and Servants.

BENVOLIO.

I PRAY thee, good *Mercutio*, let's retire,
The Day is hot, the *Capulets* abroad,
And if we meet we shall not 'scape a brawl;
For now these hot days is the mad blood stirring.

Mer. Thou art like one of those fellows, that when
he enters the confines of a tavern, claps me his sword
upon the table, and says, God send me no need of thee:
and by the operation of the second cup draws it on the
drawer, when indeed there is no need.

Ben. Am I like such a fellow?

Mer. Come, come, thou art as hot a *Jack* in thy
mood as any in *Italy*; and as soon mov'd to be moody,
and as soon moody to be mov'd.

Ben. And what to?

Mer. Nay, an there were two such, we should have
none shortly, for one would kill the other. Thou!
why thou wilt quarrel with a man that hath a hair
more, or a hair less in his beard than thou hast: thou
wilt

wilt quarrel with a man for cracking nuts, having no other reason, but because thou hast hazel eyes; what eye, but such an eye, would spy out such a quarrel? thy head is as full of quarrels, as an egg is full of meat, and yet thy head hath been beaten as addle as an egg for quarrelling; thou hast quarrelled with a man for coughing in the street, because he hath wakened thy dog that hath lain asleep in the sun. Didst thou not fall out with a taylor for wearing his new doublet before *Easter*? with another, for tying his new shoes with old ribband? and yet thou wilt tutor me for quarrelling!

Ben. If I were so apt to quarrel as thou art, any man should buy the fee simple of my life for an hour and a quarter.

Mer. The fee-simple? O simple!

Enter Tibalt, Petruchio, and others.

Ben. By my head here come the *Capulets*.

Mer. By my heel I care not.

Tib. Follow me close, for I will speak to them: Gentlemen, good-den, a word with one of you.

Mer. And but one word with one of us? couple it with something, make it a word and a blow.

Tib. You shall find me apt enough to that, Sir, if you will give me occasion.

Mer. Could you not take some occasion without giving?

Tib. Mercurio, thou consort'st with Romeo——

Mer. Consort! what, dost thou make us minstrels! if thou make minstrels of us, look to hear nothing but discords: here's my fiddlestick; here's that shall make you dance. Zounds! consort!

[Laying his hand on his sword.]

Ben. We talk here in the public haunt of men: Either withdraw into some private place, Or reason coldly of your grievances, Or else depart; here all eyes gaze upon us.

Mer. Men's eyes were made to look, and let them gaze,
I will not budge for no man's pleasure, I.

Enter

Tib.
Mer.
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Rom.
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Tibalt,
Tib.
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Tib.
Rom.
Mer.
Rom.
Gentlem
Tibalt—
Forbidde
Hold *Tib*
Mer.
A plagu
Is he gor
Ben. V

Enter Romeo.

Tib. Well, peace be with you, Sir, here comes my man.

Mer. But I'll be hang'd, Sir, if he wear your livery :
Marry go first to field, he'll be your follower,
Your worship in that sense may call him man.

Tib. *Romeo*, the love I bear thee can afford
No better term than this; thou art a villain.

Rom. *Tibalt*, the reason that I have to love thee,
Doth much excuse the appertaining rage
To such a greeting : villain I am none,
Therefore farewell, I see thou know'st me not.

Tib. Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries
That thou hast done me, therefore turn and draw.

Rom. I do protest I never injur'd thee,
But love thee better than thou can'st devise ;
Till thou shalt know the reason of my love.
And so good *Capulet* (whose name I tender
As dearly as my own) be satisfied.

Mer. O calm, dishonourable vile submission !
Alla fucato carries it away.

Tibalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk ?

Tib. What would'st thou have with me ?

Mer. Good king of cats, nothing but one of your
nine lives, that I mean to make bold withal ; and as you
shall use me hereafter, dry-beat the rest of the eight.
Will you pluck your sword out of his pilcher by the
ears ? Make haste, lest mine be about your ears ere it
be out.

Tib. I am for you.

[*Drawing.*

Rom. Gentle *Mercutio*, put thy rapier up.

Mer. Come, Sir, your passado. [*Mer. and Tib. fight.*

Rom. Draw, *Benvolio*—beat down their weapons—
Gentlemen—for shame forbear this outrage—

Tibalt—*Mercutio*—the prince expressly hath
Forbidden bandying in *Verona* streets.

Hold *Tibalt*, good *Mercutio*.

[*Exit. Tibalt.*

Mer. I am hurt—

A plague of both the houses ! I am sped :
Is he gone, and hath nothing ?

Ben. What, art thou hurt ?

Mer.

Mer. Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch; marry 'tis enough. Where is my page? go, villain, fetch a surgeon.

Rom. Courage man, the hurt cannot be much.

Mer. No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church-door, but 'tis enough, 'twill serve; ask for me to-morrow, and you shall find me a grave-man. I am pepper'd, I warrant, for this world: a plague of both your houses! What? a dog, a rat, a mouse, a cat, to scratch a man to death? a braggart, a rogue, a villain, that fights by the book of arithmetick? why the devil came you between us? I was hurt under your arm.

Rom. I thought all for the best.

Mer. Help me into some house, *Benvolio*, Or I shall faint, a plague o' both your houses! They have made worms meat of me, I have it, and soundly too—plague o' your houses.

[*Exe. Mer. Ben.*]

SCENE II.

Rom. This gentleman, the prince's near allie,
My very friend, hath got his mortal hurt
In my behalf; my reputation stain'd
With *Tibalt's* slander; *Tibalt*, that an hour
Hath been my cousin: O sweet *Juliet*,
Thy beauty hath made me effeminate,
And in my temper softned valour's steel.

Enter Benvolio.

Ben. O *Romeo*, *Romeo*, brave *Mercutio's* dead,
That gallant spirit hath aspir'd the clouds,
Which too untimely here did scorn the earth.

Rom. This day's black fate on more days does depend,
This but begins the woe, others must end.

Enter Tibalt.

Ben. Here comes the furious *Tibalt* back again.

Rom. Alive? in triumph? and *Mercutio* slain?
Away to heav'n respective lenity,
And fire-ey'd fury be my conduct now!
Now, *Tibalt*, take the villain back again,

That

That late thou gav'st me; for *Mercutio's* soul
Is but a little way above our heads,
Staying for thine to keep him company:
Or thou or I, or both, must go with him.

Tib. Thou wretched boy, that did'st consort him here,
Shalt with him hence.

Rom. This shall determine that.

[*They fight, Tibalt falls!*]

Ben. *Romeo*, away, begone:

The citizens are up, and *Tibalt* slain——
Stand not amaz'd, the prince will doom thee death,
If thou art taken: hence, be gone, away.

Rom. O! I am fortune's fool.

Ben. Why dost thou stay?

[*Exit. Romeo.*]

SCENE III.

Enter Citizens.

Cit. Which way ran he that kill'd *Mercutio*?

Tibalt that murderer, which way ran he?

Ben. There lies that *Tibalt*.

Cit. Up Sir, go with me.

I charge thee in the prince's name obey.

Enter Prince, Montague, Capulet, their wives, &c.

Prin. Where are the vile beginners of this fray?

Ben. O noble prince I can discover all
The unlucky manage of this fatal brawl:

There lies the man slain by young *Romeo*,

That slew thy kinsman brave *Mercutio*.

La. Cap. *Tibalt* my cousin! O my brother's child,

Unhappy fight! alas the blood is spill'd

Of my dear kinsman —— prince as thou art true,

For blood of ours, shed blood of *Montague*.

Prin. *Benvolio*, who began this fray?

Ben. *Tibalt* here slain, whom *Romeo's* hand did slay:

Romeo that spoke him fair, bid him bethink

How nice the quarrel was, and urg'd withal

Your high displeasure: all this uttered

With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly bow'd,

Could not take truce with the unruly spleen

Of

Of *Tibalt*, deaf to peace, but that he tilts
 With piercing steel at bold *Mercutio's* breast ;
 Who all as hot, turns deadly point to point,
 And with a martial scorn, with one hand beats
 Cold death aside, and with the other sends
 It back to *Tibalt*, whose dexterity
 Retorts it : *Romeo* he cries aloud,
 Hold friends, friends part ! and swifter than his tongue,
 His agil arm beats down their fatal points,
 And 'twixt them rushes ; underneath whose arm
 An envious thrust from *Tibalt* hit the life
 Of stout *Mercutio*, and then *Tibalt* fled.
 But by and by comes back to *Romeo*,
 Who had but newly entertain'd revenge,
 And to't they go like light'ning : for ere I
 Could draw to part them, was stout *Tibalt* slain ;
 And as he fell did *Romeo* turn to fly :
 This is the truth, or let *Benvolio* die.

La. Cap. He is a kinsman to the *Montague*,
 Affection makes him false, he speaks not true.
 Some twenty of them fought in this black strife,
 And all those twenty could but kill one life.
 I beg for justice, which thou prince must give ;
Romeo slew *Tibalt*, *Romeo* must not live.

Prin. *Romeo* slew him, he slew *Mercutio*.
 Who now the price of his dear blood doth owe ?

La. Mon. Not *Romeo*, prince, he was *Mercutio's*
 friend.

His fault concludes but what the law should end,
 The life of *Tibalt*.

Prin. And for that offence,
 Immediately we do exile him hence :
 I have an int'rest in your hearts proceeding,
 My blood for your rude brawls doth lye a bleeding ;
 But I'll amerce you with so strong a fine,
 That you shall all repent the loss of mine.
 I will be deaf to pleading and excuses,
 Nor tears nor prayers shall purchase our abuses,
 Therefore use none ; let *Romeo* hence in haste,
 Else when he is found, that hour is his last.

Bear
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Jul.

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And she

Bear hence this body, and attend our will :

" Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill."

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

An Apartment in Capulet's House.

Enter Juliet alone.

Jul. **G**ALLOP apace, you fiery-footed steeds,
Towards *Phæbus'* mansion; such a waggoner
As *Phaeton*, would whip you to the west,
And bring in cloudy night immediately.
Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night,
That th' run-aways eyes may wink : and *Romeo*
Leap to these arms, untalkt of and unseen.
Lovers can see to do their am'rous rites
By their own beauties : or if love be blind,
It best agrees with night. Come, civil night,
Thou sober-suited matron, all in black,
And learn me how to lose a winning match,
Play'd for a pair of stainless maidenheads.
Hood my unmann'd blood baiting in my cheeks,
With thy black mantle ; 'till strange love, grown bold,
Thinks true love acted, simple modesty.
Come night, come *Romeo*, come thou day in night,
For thou wilt lye upon the wings of night,
Whiter than snow upon a raven's back :
Come gentle night, come loving black-brow'd night,
Give me my *Romeo*, and when he shall die
Take him and cut him out in little stars,
And he will make the face of heav'n so fine,
That all the world shall be in love with night,
And pay no worship to the garish sun.
O, I have bought the mansion of a love,
But not possess'd it ; and though I am sold,
Not yet enjoy'd ; so tedious is this day,
As is the night before some festival,
To an impatient child that hath new robes,
And may not wear them. O here comes my nurse !

Enter Nurse with cords.

And she brings news, and every tongue that speaks

E

But

But *Romeo's* name, speaks heav'nly eloquence;
Now nurse, what news? what hast thou there?
The cords that *Romeo* bid thee fetch?

Nurse. Ay, ay, the cords.

Jul. Ay me, what news?

Why dost thou wring thy hands?

Nurse. Ah welladay he's dead, he's dead, he's dead!
We are undone, lady, we are undone——
Alack the day! he's gone, he's kill'd, he's dead.

Jul. Can heav'n be so envious?

Nurse. *Romeo* can,

Though heav'n cannot. O *Romeo!* *Romeo!*
Who ever would have thought it, *Romeo*?

Jul. What devil art thou, that does torment me thus?
This torture should be roar'd in dismal hell.
Hath *Romeo* slain himself? say thou but ay,
And that bare vowel ay, shall poison more
Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice.

Nurse. I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes,
God save the mark, here on his manly breast.
A piteous coarse, a bloody piteous coarse;
Pale, pale as ashes, all bedaub'd in blood,
All in gore blood, I swooned at the sight.

Jul. O break my heart—poor bankrupt, break at once!
To prison, eyes! ne'er look on liberty;
Vile earth to earth resign, end motion here,
And thou and *Romeo* press one heavy bier!

Nurse. O *Tibalt*, *Tibalt*, the best friend I had;
O courteous *Tibalt*, honest gentleman,
That ever I should live to see thee dead.

Jul. What storm is this that blows so contrary?
Is *Romeo* slaughter'd? and is *Tibalt* dead?
My dear-lov'd cousin, and my dearer lord?
Then let the trumpet sound the general doom,
For who is living, if those two are gone?

Nurse. *Tibalt* is dead, and *Romeo* banish'd,
Romeo that kill'd him, he is banish'd.

Jul. O God! did *Romeo's* hand shed *Tibalt's* blood?

Nurse. It did, it did, alas the day! it did.

Jul. O serpent heart, hid with a flowering face,
Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave?

Beautiful

Beautiful tyrant, fiend angelical!
Dove, feather'd raven, wolfish-ravens lamb.
Despised substance of divinest show:
Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st.
A damned faint, an honourable villain:
O nature! what hadst thou to do in hell,
When thou didst bower the spirit of a fiend
In mortal paradise of such sweet flesh?
Was ever book containing such vile matter
So fairly bound? O that deceit should dwell
In such a gorgeous palace.

Nurse. There's no trust,
No faith, no honesty in men; all perjur'd;
All, all forsworn; all naught; and all dissemblers.
Ah, where's my man? give me some *Aqua-vitæ* —
These griefs, these woes, these sorrows make me old!
Shame come to *Romeo*!

Jul. Blister'd be thy tongue,
For such a wish, he was not born to shame;
Upon his brow shame is ashamed to sit:
For, 'tis a throne where honour may be crown'd,
Sole monarch of the universal earth.

O what a beast was I to chide him so!

Nurse. Will you speak well of him that kill'd your
cousin?

Jul. Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband?
Ah poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth thy name,
When I thy three hours wife have mangled it?
But wherefore villain didst thou kill my cousin?
That villain cousin would have kill'd my husband.
Back foolish tears, back to your native spring;
Your tributary drops belong to woe,
Which you mistaking offer up to joy.
My husband lives that *Tibalt* would have slain,
And *Tibalt's* dead that would have kill'd my husband!
All this is comfort; wherefore weep I then?
Some word there was worser than *Tibalt's* death
That murder'd me; I would forget it fain,
But oh it presses to my memory,
Like damned guilty deeds to sinners minds;
Tibalt is dead, and Romeo banished!
That *banished*, that one word *banished*,

Hath slain ten thousand *Tibalts*: *Tibalt's* death
 Was woe enough, if it had ended there :
 Or if sow'r woe delights in fellowship,
 And needly will be rank'd with other griefs,
 Why follow'd not, when she said *Tibalt's* dead,
 Thy *Father* or thy *Mother*, nay, or *both* ?
 But with a rear-ward following *Tibalt's* death,
Romeo is banish'd — to speak that word,
 Is father, mother, *Tibalt*, *Romeo*, *Juliet*,
 All slain, all dead ! — *Romeo* is banished !
 There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,
 In that word's death ; no words can that woe sound.
 Where is my father, and my mother, nurse ?

Nurse. Weeping and wailing over *Tibalt's* corpse.
 Will you go to them ? I will bring you thither.

Jul. Wash they his wounds with tears ? mine shall
 be spent

When theirs are dry, for *Romeo's* banishment.
 Take up those cords, poor ropes you are beguil'd,
 Both you and I, for *Romeo* is exil'd.

He made you for a high-way to my bed,
 But I a maid, die maiden widowed.

Come cord, come nurse, I'll to my wedding bed,
 And death, not *Romeo*, take my maidenhead.

Nurse. Hie to your chamber, I'll find *Romeo*
 To comfort you. I wot well where he is.

Hark ye, your *Romeo* will be here at night ;
 I'll to him, he is hid at *Lawrence's* cell.

Jul. O find him, give this ring to my true knight ;
 And bid him come, to take his last farewell.

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE V.

The Monastery.

Enter Friar Lawrence and Romeo.

Fri. **R**OMEO come forth, come forth thou fearful
 man,

Affliction is enamour'd of thy parts ;
 And thou art wedded to calamity.

Rom. Father, what news ? what is the prince's doom ?
 What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand,
 That I yet know not ?

Fri. Too familiar

Is my dear son with such fow'r company ?
I bring thee tidings of the prince's doom.

Rom. What less than doomsday is the prince's
doom ?

Fri. A gentler judgment vanish'd from his lips,
Not body's death, but body's banishment.

Rom. Ha, banishment ! be merciful, say death ;
For exile hath more terror in his look,
Much more than death. Do not say banishment.

Fri. Here from *Verona* art thou banished :
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.

Rom. There is no world without *Verona's* walls,
But purgatory, torture, hell itself.

Hence banished, is banish'd from the world,
And world exil'd is death. That banished,
Is death misterm'd : calling death banishment
Thou cut'st my head off with a golden ax,
And smil'st upon the stroak that murders me.

Fri. O deadly sin ! O rude unthankfulness !
Thy fault our law calls death, but the kind prince
Taking thy part hath rusht aside the law,
And turn'd that black word death to banishment.
This is dear mercy, and thou seest it not.

Rom. 'Tis torture, and not mercy : heav'n is here

Where *Juliet* lives ; and every cat and dog
And little mouse, every unworthy thing
Lives here in heaven, and may look on her,
But *Romeo* may not. More validity,
More honourable state, more courtship lives
In carrion flies, than *Romeo* : they may seize
On the white wonder of dear *Juliet's* hand,
And steal immortal blessings from her lips ;
Which even in pure and vestal modesty
Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin.)

This may flies do, when I from this must fly ;
And sayst thou yet that exile is not death ?

But *Romeo* may not, he is banished !

Hast thou no poison mixt, no sharp ground knife,
No sudden mean of death, tho' near so mean,
But banished to kill me ? banished ?

O Friar, the damned use that word in hell ;
Howlings attend it : how hast thou the heart,

Being a diuine, a ghostly confessor,
A sin-absolver, and my friend profest,
To mangle me with that word, banishment?

Fri. Fond mad-man, hear me speak.

Rom. O thou wilt speak again of banishment.

Fri. I'll give thee armour to keep off that word,
Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy,
To comfort thee, tho' thou art banished.

Rom. Yet banished? hang up philosophy:
Unless philosophy can make a *Juliet*,
Displant a town, reverse a prince's doom,
It helps not, it prevails not, talk no more——

Fri. O then I see that madmen have no ears.

Rom. How should they, when that wise men have
no eyes?

Fri. Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.

Rom. Thou can'st not speak of what thou dost not feel:
Wert thou as young as I, *Juliet* thy love,
An hour but married, *Tibalt* murdered,
Doting like me, and like me banished;
Then might'st thou speak, then might'st thou tear thy
And fall upon the ground as I do now, (hair,
Taking the measure of an unmade grave.

[*Throwing himself on the ground.*]

Fri. Arise, one knocks; good *Romeo* hide thyself.

[*Knock within.*]

Rom. Not I, unless the breath of heart-sick groans
Mist-like, infold me from the search of eyes. [*Knock.*]

Fri. Hark how they knock! —— (who's there?)

Romeo, arise.

Thou wilt be taken——stay a while——stand up; [*Knock.*]
Run to my study——By and by——God's will;
What wilfulness is this——I come, I come. [*Knock.*]
Who knocks so hard? whence come you? what's your
will?

Nurse. [*Within.*] Let me come in, and you shall
know my Errand:

I come from Lady *Juliet*.

Fri. Welcome then.

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. O holy Friar, oh tell me holy Friar,
Where is my lady's lord? where's *Romeo*?

Fri. There, on the ground with his own tears made drunk.

Nurse. O he is even in my mistress's case,
Just in her case, O woful sympathy!
Piteous predicament! even so lies she,
Blubbering and weeping, weeping and blubbering.
Stand up stand up,—stand, an you be a man,
For *Juliet's* sake, for her sake, rise and stand.
Why should you fall into so deep an oh! —

Rom. Nurse.

Nurse. Ah Sir! ah Sir! — death is the end of all.

Rom. Speak'st thou of *Juliet*? how is it with her?
Doth she not think me an old murtherer,
Now I have stain'd the child-hood of our joy
With blood, remov'd but little from her own?
Where is she? and how does she? and what says
My conceal'd lady to our cancell'd love?

Nurse. O she says nothing, Sir, but weeps and weeps,
And now falls on her bed, and then starts up,
And *Tibalt* cries, and then on *Romeo* calls,
And then down falls again.

Rom. As if that name
Shot from the deadly level of a gun
Did murther her, as that name's cursed hand
Murther'd her kinsman. Tell me, Friar tell me,
In what vile part of this anatomy
Doth my name lodge? tell me, that I may sack
The hateful mansion. [Drawing his sword.]

Fri. Hold thy desperate hand:
Thy tears are womanish, thy wild acts do note
Th' unreasonable fury of a beast.
Unseemly woman, in a seeming man!
An ill beseeming beast in seeming both!
Thou hast amaz'd me. By my holy order,
I thought thy disposition better temper'd.
Hast thou slain *Tibalt*? wilt thou slay thyself?
And slay thy lady, that in thy life lives?
By doing damned hate upon thyself?
Why rail'st thou on thy birth, the heav'n and earth,
Since birth, and heav'n and earth, all three do meet
In thee at once, which thou at once would'st lose?
Fie, fie, thou sham'st thy shape, thy love, thy wit,
Which

Which, like an userer, abound'ft in all,
 And useft none in that true use indeed,
 Which should bedeck thy shape, thy love, thy wit:
 Thy noble shape is but a form of wax,
 Digressing from the valour of a man;
 Thy dear love-sworn, but hollow perjury,
 Killing that love, which thou hast vow'd to cherish.
 Thy wit, that ornament to shape and love,
 Mis-shapen in the conduct of them both,
 Like powder in a skill-less soldier's flask,
 Is sat on fire by thine own ignorance;
 And thou dismember'd with thine own defence.
 What, rouse thee, man, thy *Juliet* is alive,
 For whose dear sake thou wast but lately dead:
 There art thou happy. *Tibalt* would kill thee,
 But thou slew'st *Tibalt*; there thou'rt happy too.
 The law that threatned death became thy friend,
 And turn'd it to exile; there art thou happy.
 A pack of blessings light upon thy back,
 Happiness courts thee in her best array,
 But, like a misbehav'd and sullen wench,
 Thou pout'st upon thy fortune and thy love.
 Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable.
 Go get thee to thy love, as was decreed,
 Ascend her chamber, hence and comfort her:
 But look thou stay not 'till the watch be set,
 For then thou can'st not pass to *Mantua*,
 Where thou shalt live, 'till we can find a time
 To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,
 Beg pardon of thy prince, and call thee back
 With twenty hundred thousand times more joy,
 Than thou went'st forth in lamentation.
 Go before, nurse; commend me to thy lady,
 And bid her hasten all the house to bed,
 Which heavy sorrow makes them apt unto.

Romeo is coming.

Nurse. O lord, I could have staid here all night long,
 To hear good counsel: oh, what learning is!
 My lord, I'll tell my lady you will come.

Rom. Do so, and bid my sweet prepare to chide.

Nurse. Here, Sir, a ring she bid me give you, Sir:
 Hie you, make haste, for it grows very late.

Rom.

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Cap.

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Rom. How well my comfort is reviv'd by this !

Fri. Sojourn in *Mantua* ; I'll find out your man,
And he shall signifie from time to time

Every good hap to you that chances here :

Give methy hand, 'tis late, farewell, good-night.

Rom. But that a joy, past joy, calls out on me,
It were a grief, so brief to part with thee. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

Capulet's House.

Enter Capulet, Lady Capulet, and Paris.

Cap. **T**HINGS have fallen out, Sir, so unluckily,
That we have had no time to move our
daughter :

Look you, she lov'd her kinsman *Tibalt* dearly,
And so did I — Well, we were born to die —

'Tis very late, she'll not come down to night,

I promise you, but for your company

I would have been a-bed an hour ago.

Par. These times of woe afford no time to wooe:
Madam, good night, commend me to your daughter.

La. Cap. I will and know her mind early to-morrow:
To-night she is mew'd up to her heaviness.

Cap. Sir *Paris*, I will make a desperate tender
Of my child's love : I think she will be rul'd

In all respects by me, nay more, I doubt it not.

Wife, go you to her e're you go to bed ;

Acquaint her here with my son *Paris*' love,

And bid her, mark you me, on *Wednesday* next —

But soft ; what day is this ?

Par. *Monday*, my lord.

Cap. *Monday* ? ha ! ha ! well, *Wednesday* is too soon,

On *Thursday* let it be : o' *Thursday*, tell her

She shall be marry'd to this noble earl.

Will you be ready ? do you like this haste ?

We'll keep no great a-do — a friend or two —

For, hark you, *Tibalt* being slain so late,

It may be thought we held him carelessly,

Being our kinsman, if we revel much :

Therefore

Therefore we'll have some half a dozen friends,
And there's an end. But what say you to *Thursday*?

Par. My lord, I would that *Thursday* were to-morrow.

Cap. Well, get you gone—on *Thursday* be it then :
Go you to *Juliet*, ere you go to bed. [*To Lady Cap.*
Prepare her, wife, against this wedding-day.
Farewel, my lord—light to my chamber, ho !
'Fore me, it is so very late that we
May call it early by and by. Good-night.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Juliet's chamber looking to the Garden.

*Enter Romeo and Juliet above at a window ; a ladder
of ropes set.*

Jul. **W**ILT thou be gone ? it is not yet near day ;
It was the Nightingale, and not the Lark ;
That pierc'd the fearful hollow of thine ear ;
Nightly he sings on yon pomgranate tree :
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

Rom. It was the Lark, the herald of the morn,
No Nightingale. Look, love, what envious streaks
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east :
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain's tops.
I must be gone and live, or stay and dye.

Jul. Yon light is not day-light, I know it well ;
It is some meteor that the sun exhales,
To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,
And light thee on thy way to *Mantua* ;
Then stay a while, thou shalt not go so soon.

Rom. Let me be ta'en, let me put to death,
I am content, if thou wilt have it so.
I'll say yon gray is not the morning's eye,
'Tis but the pale reflex of *Cynthia's* brow ;
Nor that is not the lark whose notes do beat
The vaulty heav'ns so high above our heads,
I have more care to stay than will to go.
Come death and welcome : *Juliet* wills it so.

How is
Jul.

It is the
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Some fa
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O now
Rom.

Nur.
Jul.
Nur.
The da
Jul.
Rom.

Jul.
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Rom.
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Jul.
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Rom.
Dry Sor

Jul.
If thou
That is
For then
How
at send

How is't my soul? let's talk, it is not day.

Jul. It is, it is, hie hence, be gone away :
It is the lark that sings so out of tune;

Straining harsh discords, and unpleasing sharps.

Some say the lark makes sweet division ;

This doth not so : for she divideth us.

Some say, the lark and loathed toad change eyes,

O now I would they had chang'd voices too !

O now be gone, more light and light it grows.

Rom. More light and light ————— more dark and
dark our woes.

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. Madam.

Jul. Nurse.

Nurse. Your lady mother's coming to your chamber :
The day is broke, be wary, look about. [*Exit Nurse.*

Jul. Then window let day in, and let life out.

Rom. Farewel, farewel ; one kiss and I'll descend.

[*Romeo descends.*

Jul. Art thou gone so? love! lord! ah husband! friend!

I must hear from thee ev'ry day in th' hour,

For in a minute there are many days.

O by this count I shall be much in years,

Ere I again behold my *Romeo*.

Rom. Farewel : I will omit no opportunity
That may convey my greetings, love, to thee.

Jul. O think'st thou we shall ever meet again ?

Rom. I doubt it not, and all these woes shall serve
For sweet discourses, in our time to come.

Jul. O God ! I have an ill-divining soul ;

Methinks I see thee, now thou art below,

As one dead in the bottom of a tomb :

Either my eye-sight fails, or thou look'st pale.

Rom. And trust me, love, in mine eye so do you :

Dry Sorrow drinks our blood. Adieu, adieu.

[*Exit Romeo.*

Jul. O fortune, fortune, all men call thee fickle,

If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him

That is renown'd for faith? be fickle fortune :

For then I hope thou wilt not keep him long,

But send him back.

Enter

Enter lady Capulet.

La. Cap. Ho daughter, are you up?

Jul. Who is't that calls? is it my lady mother?
What unaccustom'd cause procures her hither?

La. Cap. Why how now, *Juliet*?

Jul. Madam, I'm not well.

La. Cap. Evermore weeping for your cousin's death?
What wilt thou wash him from his grave with tears?
And if thou could'st, thou could'st not make him live;
Therefore, have done. Some grief shews much of
love;

But much of grief shews still some want of wit.

Jul. Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss.

La. Cap. So shall you feel the loss, but not the friend,
Which you weep for.

Jul. Feeling so the loss,
I cannot chuse but ever weep the friend.

La. Cap. Well, girl, thou weep'st not so much for
his death,

As that the villain lives which slaughter'd him.

Jul. What villain, madam?

La. Cap. That same villain, *Romeo*.

Jul. Villain and he are many miles asunder.
God pardon him! I do with all my heart:
And yet no man, like he, doth grieve my heart.

La. Cap. That is, because the traitor lives.

Jul. I, madam from the reach of these my hands:
Would, none but I might venge my cousin's death!

La. Cap. We will have vengeance for it: fear thou
not;

Then weep no more. I'll send to one in *Mantua*,
Where that same banish'd Runagate doth live,
Shall give him such an unaccustomed dram,
That he shall soon keep *Tibalt* company.
And then, I hope thou wilt be satisfy'd.

Jul. Indeed I never shall be satisfy'd
With *Romeo*, 'till I behold him—dead——

Is my poor heart so for a kinsman vext.

Madam, If you could find out but a man

To bear a poison, I would temper it;

That *Romeo* should upon receipt thereof

Soon sleep in quiet——O, how my heart abhors

To

To hear him nam'd—and cannot come to him—
To wreak the love I bore my slaughter'd cousin,
Upon his body that hath slaughter'd him.

La. Cap. Find thou the means, and I'll find such a
man.

But, now I'll tell thee joyful tidings, girl.

Jul. And joy comes well in such a needful time.
What are they, I beseech your ladyship?

La. Cap. Well, well, thou hast a careful father, child;
One, who to put thee from thy heaviness,
Hath sorted out a sudden day of joy,
That thou expect'st not, nor I look'd not for.

Jul. Madam, in happy time, what day is this?

La. Cap. Marry, my child, early next *Thursday* morn,
The gallant, young and noble gentleman,
The county *Paris*, at *St. Peter's* church,
Shall happily make thee a joyful bride.

Jul. Now by *St. Peter's* church, and *Peter* too,
He shall not make me there a joyful bride.
I wonder at this haste, that I must wed
Ere he that must be husband comes to woo.
I pray you tell my lord and father, madam,
I will not marry yet, and when I do,
It shall be *Romeo*, whom you know I hate,
Rather than *Paris*. These are news indeed.

La. Cap. Here comes your father, tell him so your
self,

And see how he will take it at your hands.

Enter Capulet and Nurse.

Cap. Where the sun sets, the air doth drizzle dew,
But for the sun-set of my brother's son
It rains downright ———

How now? a conduit, girl? what, still in tears?
Evermore show'ring? in one little body
Thou counterfeit'st a bark, a sea, a wind;
For still thy eyes, which I may call the sea,
Do ebb and flow with tears; the bark thy body is
Sailing in this salt flood: the winds thy sighs,
Which raging with thy tears, and they with them,
Without a sudden calm, will overset
Thy tempest-tossed body——How now, wife?
Have you deliver'd to her our decree?

F

La.

La. Cap. Ay, Sir ; but she will none, she gives you thanks :

I would the fool were married to her grave.

Cap. Soft, take me with you, take me with you, wife. How, will she none ? doth she not give us thanks ? Is she not proud ? doth she not count her blest, Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought So worthy a gentleman to be her bridegroom ?

Jul. Not proud, you have ; but thankful, that you have. Proud can I never be of what I hate, But thankful even for hate, that is meant love.

Cap. How now ! how now ! Chop logic ? what is this ?

Proud ! and I thank you ! and I thank you not ! And yet not proud !—Why, mistress minion, you, Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no pouds, But settle your fine joints 'gainst *Thursday* next, To go with *Paris* to saint *Peter's* church : Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither. Out, you green-sickness carrion ! out you baggage ! You tallow-face !

La. Cap. Fie, fie, what are you mad ?

Jul. Good father, I beseech you on my knees, Hear me with patience, but to speak a word.

Cap. Hang thee, young baggage, disobedient wretch, I tell thee what, get thee to church a *Thursday*, Or never after look me in the face. Speak not, reply not, do not answer me, My fingers itch. Wife, we scarce thought us blest, That God had sent us but this only child, But now I see this one is one too much, And that we have a curse in having her : Out on her, hilding.

Nurse. God in heaven blefs her : You are to blame, my lord, to rate her so.

Cap. And why, my lady wisdom ? hold your tongue, Good prudence, smatter with your gossips, go.

Nurse. I speak no treason — O god-ye-good-den— May not one speak ?

Cap. Peace you mumbling fool, Utter your gravity o'er a gossip's bowl, For here we need it not.

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La. Cap. You are too hot.

Cap. God's bread, it makes me mad: day, night,
late, early,

At home, abroad; alone, in company,
Waking or sleeping; still my care hath been
To have her match'd; and having now provided
A gentleman of noble parentage,
Of fair demean, youthful, and nobly allied,
Stuff'd as they say with honourable parts,
Proportion'd as ones thought would wish a man:
And then to have a wretched puling fool,
A whining mammet, in her fortunes tender,
To answer, I'll not wed, I cannot love,
I am too young, I pray you pardon me——
But, if you will not wed, I'll pardon you:
Graze where you will, you shall not house with me:
Look to't, think on't, I do not use to jest.
Thursday is near, lay hand on heart, advise;
If you be mine, I'll give you to my friend:
If you be not, hang, beg, starve, die i'th' streets;
For, by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee,
Nor what is mine shall ever do thee good:
Trust to't, bethink you, I'll not be forsworn. *[Exit.]*

Jul. Is there no pity sitting in the clouds,
That sees into the bottom of my grief?
O sweet my mother, cast me not away,
Delay this marriage for a month, a week,
Or if you do not, make the bridal bed
In that dim monument where *Tibalt* lies.

La. Cap. Talk not to me, for I'll not speak a word:
Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee. *[Exit.]*

Jul. O God! O nurse, how shall this be prevented?
My husband is on earth, my faith in heav'n;
How shall that faith return again to earth;
Unless that husband send it me from heav'n,
By leaving earth?——Comfort me, counsel me.
Alack, alack, that heav'n should practise stratagems
Upon so soft a subject as my self.
What say'st thou? Ha'st thou not a word of joy?
Some comfort, nurse——

Nurse. Faith here it is:

Romeo is banish'd, all the world to nothing

That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you :
Or if he do, it needs must be by stealth.

Then since the case so stands as now it doth,
I think it best you married with the count.

Oh, he's a lovely gentleman !

Romeo's a dish-clout to him ; an eagle, madam,

Hath not so green, so quick, so fair an eye

As *Paris* hath. Beshrew my very heart,

I think you happy in this second match,

For it excels your first ; or if it did not,

Your first is dead, or 'twere as good he were,

As living here, and you no use of him.

Jul. Speakest thou from thy heart ?

Nurse. And from my soul too,

Or else beshrew them both.

Jul. Amen.

Nurse. What ?

Jul. Well, thou hast comforted me marvellous much ;

Go in, and tell my lady I am gone,

Having displeas'd my father, to *Lawrence's* cell,

To make confession, and to be absolved.

Nurse. Marry I will, and this is wisely done. [Exit.]

Jul. Ancient damnation ! O most wicked fiend !

Is it more sin to wish me thus forsworn,

Or to dispraise my lord with that same tongue

Which she hath prais'd him with above compare,

So many thousand times ? go, counsellor,

Thou and my besom henceforth shall be twain :

I'll to the Friar to know his remedy ;

If all else fail, my self have power to die. [Exit.]



A C T IV. S C E N E I.

The Monastery.

Enter Friar Lawrence and Paris.

FRIAR.

ON *Thursday*, Sir ! the time is very short.

Par. My father *Capulet* will have it so,

And I am nothing slow to slack his haste.

Fri.

Fri. You say you do not know the lady's mind :
Uneven is this course, I like it not.

Par. Immoderately she weeps for *Tibalt's* death,
And therefore have I little talk'd of love ;
For *Venus* smiles not in a house of tears.
Now, Sir, her father counts it dangerous
That she should give her sorrow so much sway ;
And, in his wisdom, hastes our marriage,
To stop the inundation of her tears ;
Which too much minded by her self alone,
May be put from her by society.
Now do you know the reason of this haste ?

Fri. I would I knew not why it should be slow'd.

[*Aside.*

Look, Sir, here comes the lady tow'rds my cell.

Enter Juliet.

Par. Welcome my love, my lady and my wife.

Jul. That may be, Sir, when I may be a wife.

Par. That may be, must be, love, on *Thursday* next.

Jul. What must be, shall be.

Fri. That's a certain text.

Par. Come you to make confession to this father ?

Jul. To answer that were to confess to you.

Par. Do not deny to him, that you love me.

Jul. I will confess to you that I love him.

Par. So will ye, I am sure, that you love me.

Jul. If I do so, it will be of more price,
Being spoke behind your back, than to your face.

Par. Poor soul, thy face is much abus'd with tears.

Jul. The tears have got small victory by that :
For it was bad enough before their spight.

Par. Thou wrong'st it, more than tears, with that
report.

Jul. That is no slander, Sir, which is but truth,
And what I speak, I speak it to my face.

Par. Thy face is mine, and thou hast slander'd it.

Jul. It may be so, for it is not mine own.
Are you at leisure, holy father, now,
Or shall I come to you at evening mass ?

Fri. My leisure serves me, pensive daughter, now.
My lord, I must intreat the time alone.

Par. God shield, I should disturb devotion :

Juliet, On *Thursday* early I will rouse you :
 'Till then, adieu ! and keep this holy kiss. [*Exit Paris*.]

Jul. Go, shut the door, and when thou hast done so,
 Come weep with me, past hope, past cure, past help.

Fri. O *Juliet*, I already know thy grief,
 It strains me past the compass of my wits.
 I hear thou must, and nothing may prorogue it,
 On *Thursday* next be married to this Count.

Jul. Tell me not, Friar, that thou hear'st of this,
 Unless thou tell me how I may prevent it.
 If in thy wisdom thou canst give no help,
 Do thou but call my resolution wise,
 And with this knife I'll help it presently.
 God join'd my heart and *Romeo's*, thou our hands,
 And ere this hand, by thee to *Romeo* seal'd,
 Shall be the label to another deed,
 Or my true heart with treacherous revolt
 Turn to another, this shall slay them both :
 Therefore out of thy long experienc'd time,
 Give me some present counsel, or behold
 'Twixt my extremes and me this bloody knife
 Shall play the umpire ; arbitrating that,
 Which the commission of thy years and art
 Could to no issue of true honour bring :
 Be not so long to speak ; I long to dye,
 If what thou speak'st speak not of remedy.

Fri. Hold daughter, I do 'spy a kind of hope,
 Which craves as desperate an execution,
 As that is desperate which we would prevent.
 If rather than to marry County *Paris*
 Thou hast the strength of will to slay thy self,
 Then it is likely thou wilt undertake
 A thing like death to chide away this shame,
 That cop'st with death himself, to 'scape from it :
 And if thou dar'st, I'll give thee remedy.

Jul. O bid me leap, rather than marry *Paris*,
 From off the battlements of yonder tower :
 Or chain me to some steepy mountain's top
 Where roaring bears and savage lions roam ;
 Or shut me nightly in a charnel house,
 O'er-cover'd quite with dead mens ratling bones,
 With reeky shanks, and yellow chapless skulls,

Or bid me go into a new made grave,
And hide me with a dead man in his shroud ;
Things that to hear them nam'd, have made me
tremble ;

And I will do it without fear or doubt,
To live an unstain'd wife to my sweet love.

Fri. Hold, then, go home, be merry, give consent,
To marry *Paris* ; *Wednesday* is to-morrow ;
To-morrow night, look that thou lie alone.

(Let not thy Nurse lye with thee in thy chamber :)

Take thou this vial, being then in bed,
And this distilled liquor drink thou off,

When presently through all thy veins shall run

A cold and drowfie humour, which shall seize

Each vital spirit ; for no pulse shall keep

His nat'ral progress, but surcease to beat.

No warmth, no breath shall testify thou livest ;

The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade

To paly ashes ; thy eyes windows fall

Like death, when he shuts up the day of life ;

Each part depriv'd of supple government,

Shall stiff, and stark, and cold appear like death :

And in this borrowed likeness of shrunk death

Thou shalt continue two and forty hours,

And then awake, as from a pleasant sleep.

Now when the bridegroom in the morning comes

To rouse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead :

Then as the manner of our country is,

In thy best robes uncover'd on the bier,

Be born to burial in thy kindreds grave :

Thou shalt be born to that same antient vault,

Where all the kindred of the *Capulets* lye.

In the mean time, against thou shalt awake,

Shall *Romeo* by my letters know our drift,

And hither shall he come ; and he and I

Will watch thy waking, and that very night

Shall *Romeo* bear thee hence to *Mantua* ;

And this shall free thee from this present shame,

If no unconstant toy nor womanish fear

Abate thy valour in the acting it.

Jul. Give me, oh give me, tell me not of fear.

[taking the vial.

Fri.

Fri. Hold, get you gone, be strong and prosperous
In this resolve, I'll send a Friar with speed
To *Mantua*, with my letters to thy lord.

Jul. Love give me strength, and strength shall help
afford.

Farewel, dear father——

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E II.

Capulet's House.

Enter Capulet, Lady Capulet, Nurse, and two or three servants.

Cap. SO many guests invite as here are writ;
Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning cooks.

Ser. You shall have none ill, Sir, for I'll try if they
can lick their fingers.

Cap. How canst thou try them so?

Ser. Marry, Sir, 'tis an ill cook that cannot lick his
own fingers: therefore he that cannot lick his
fingers, goes not with me.

Cap. Go, be gone.

We shall be much unfurnish'd for this time:

What is my daughter gone to Friar *Lawrence*?

Nurse. Ay forsooth.

Cap. Well, he may chance to do some good on her:
A peevish self-will'd harlotry it is.

Enter Juliet.

Nurse. See where she comes from shrift, with merry
look.

Cap. How now, my head-strong? where have you
been gadding?

Jul. Where have I learnt me to repent the sin
Of disobedient opposition

To you and your behests: and am enjoyn'd

By holy *Lawrence*, to fall prostrate here,

And beg your pardon: pardon I beseech you!

Henceforward I am ever rul'd by you.

Cap. Send for the County, go tell him of this,
I'll have this knot knit up to-morrow morning.

Jul. I met the youthful lord at *Lawrence's* cell,
And gave him what becoming love I might,
Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty.

Cap. Why I'm glad on't, this is well, stand up,

Thir

This is as't should be, let me see the County :
 Ay, marry, go I say, and fetch him hither.
 Now afore God, this reverend holy Friar,
 All our whole city is much bound to him.

Jul. Nurse, will you go with me into my closet,
 To help me sort such needful ornaments
 As you think fit to furnish me to-morrow ?

La. Cap. No, not 'till *Thursday*, there is time enough.

Cap. Go nurse, go with her ; we'll to church to-morrow.
 [Exeunt Juliet and Nurse.]

La. Cap. We shall be short in our provision ;
 'Tis now near night.

Cap. Tush, I will stir about,
 And all things shall be well, I warrant thee, wife :
 Go thou to *Juliet*, help to deck up her,
 I'll not to bed to-night, let me alone :
 I'll play the housewife for this once. What ho ?
 They are all forth ; well I will walk myself
 To county *Paris*, to prepare him up
 Against to-morrow. My heart's wondrous light,
 Since this same way-ward girl is so reclaim'd.
 [Exeunt Capulet and lady Capulet.]

S C E N E III.

Juliet's Chamber.

Enter Juliet and Nurse.

Jul. Ay, those attires are best ; but gentle nurse,
 I pray thee leave me to myself to-night :
 For I have need of many orisons
 To move the heav'ns to smile upon my state,
 Which well thou know'st is cross and full of sin.

Enter lady Capulet.

La. Cap. What are you busie, do you need my help ?

Jul. No, madam, we have cull'd such necessaries
 As are behoveful for our state to-morrow :
 So please you, let me now be left alone ;
 And let the nurse this night sit up with you ;
 For I am sure you have your hands full all,
 In this so sudden business.

La. Cap. Good-night.
 Get thee to bed and rest, for thou hast need. [Exeunt.
Jul.

Jul. Farewel — God knows when we shall meet again!

I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,
That almost freezes up the heat of life.

I'll call them back again to comfort me.

Nurse—what should she do here?

My dismal scene I needs must act alone:

Come vial—What if this mixture do not work at all?

Shall I of force be married to the Count?

No, no, this shall forbid it; lye thou there —

[*Pointing to a dagger.*]

What if it be a poison, which the Friar
Subt'ly hath ministred, to have me dead,
Left in this marriage he should be dishonour'd,
Because he married me before to *Romeo*?

I fear it is; and yet methinks it should not,
For he hath still been tried a holy man —

How, if when I am laid into the tomb,

I wake before the time that *Romeo*

Comes to redeem me? there's a fearful point!

Shall I not then be stifled in the vault,

To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breaths in?

And there be strangled ere my *Romeo* comes?

Or if I live, is it not very like

The horrible conceit of death and night,

Together with the terror of the place,

(As in a vault, an antient receptacle,

Where for these many hundred years, the bones

Of all my buried ancestors are packt;

Where bloody *Tibalt*, yet but green in earth,

Lies festring in his shroud; where, as they say,

At some hours in the night spirits resort——)

Alas, alas! is it not like, that I

So early waking, what with loathsome smells,

And shrieks like mandrakes torn out of the earth,

That living mortals hearing them run mad——

Or if I wake, shall I not be distraught,

(Invironed with all these hideous fears,)

And madly play with my fore-fathers joints,

And pluck the mangled *Tibalt* from his shroud?

And in this rage with some great kinsman's bone

As with a club, dash out my desp'rate brains?

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O look! methinks I see my cousin's ghost
 Seeking out *Romeo*, that did spit his body
 Upon a rapier's point ——— Stay *Tibalt*, stay!
Romeo, I come! this do I drink to thee.

[*She throws herself on the bed.*]

SCENE IV.

A HALL.

Enter Lady Capulet and Nurse.

La. Cap. **H**OLD, take these keys and fetch more
 spices, nurse.

Nurse. They call for dates and quinces in the pastry.

Enter Capulet.

Cap. Come, stir, stir, stir, the second cock hath
 crow'd,

The curfew bell hath rung, 'tis three a-clock:

Look to the bak'd meats good *Angelica*.

Spare not for cost.

Nurse. Go, go, you cat-quean, go;

Get you to bed; faith you'll be sick to-morrow

For this night's watching.

Cap. No, not a whit: what, I have watch'd ere now
 All night for a less cause, and ne'er been sick.

La. Cap. Ay, you have been a mouse-hunt in your
 time,

But I will watch you, from such watching, now.

[*Exeunt Lady Capulet and Nurse.*]

Cap. A jealous hood, a jealous hood ———
 Now, fellow, what's there?

Enter three or four with spits, and logs, and baskets.

Ser. Things for the cook, Sir, but I know not what.

Cap. Make haste, make haste, firrah, fetch drier logs,
 Call *Peter*, he will shew thee where they are.

Ser. I have a head, Sir, that will find out logs,
 And never trouble *Peter* for the matter.

Cap. Mafs and well said, a merry horson, ha!

Thou shalt be logger-head ——— good faith, 'tis day.

[*Play musick.*]

The County will be here with music straight,

For so he said he would, I hear him near.

Nurse,

Nurse, wife, what ho? what, nurse, I say?

Enter Nurse.

Go waken *Juliet*, go trim her up,
I'll go and chat with *Paris*: hie, make haste,
Make haste, the bridegroom he is come already;
Make haste, I say. [*Exeunt Capulet and Nurse severally.*]

SCENE V.

SCENE draws and discovers Juliet on a bed.

Re-enter Nurse.

Nurse. Mistress, what mistress! *Juliet* — Fast
warrant her,

Why lamb——why lady——Fie you slug-a-bed——
Why love, I say—Madam, sweet-heart—why bride——
What, not a word! you take your pennyworths now;
Sleep for a week; for the next night I warrant,
The County *Paris* hath set up his rest,
That you shall rest but little——God forgive me——
Marry and amen—How sound is she asleep?
I must needs wake her: Madam, madam, madam,
Ay, let the County take you in your bed——
He'll fright you up i' faith. Will it not be?
What drest, and in your cloaths—and down again!
I must needs wake you: Lady, lady, lady, ——
Alas! alas! help! help! my lady's dead.
O well-a-day, that ever I was born?
Some *Aqua vitæ*, ho! my lord my lady!

Enter Lady Capulet.

La. Cap. What noise is here?

Nurse. O lamentable day!

La. Cap. What is the matter?

Nurse. Look —— oh heavy day!

La. Cap. Oh me, oh me, my child, my only life!
Revive, look up, or I will die with thee:
Help, help! call help.

Enter Capulet.

Cap. For shame bring *Juliet* forth, her lord is come.

Nurse. She's dead, decess'd, she's dead: alack the day!

Cap. Ha! let me see her—Out alas, she's cold,
Her blood is settled, and her joints are stiff,
Life and these lips have long been separated:
Death lies on her, like an untimely frost

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Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.

Accursed time ! unfortunate old man !

Nurse. O lamentable day !

La. Cap. O, woeful time !

Cap. Death that hath ta'en her hence to make me wail,
Ties up my tongue, and will not let me speak.

Enter Friar Lawrence, and Paris with Musicians.

Fri. Come, is the bride ready to go to church ?

Cap. Ready to go, but never to return.

O son, the night before thy wedding-day

Hath death lain with thy wife : see, there she lies,

Flower as she was, deflower'd now by him :

Death is my son-in-law.

Par. Have I thought long to see this morning's face,
And doth it give me such a sight as this ?

La. Cap. Accurst, unhappy, wretched, hateful day,
Most miserable hour, that Time e'er saw
In lasting labour of his pilgrimage.

But one, poor one, one poor and loving child,

But one thing to rejoice and solace in,

And cruel death hath catcht it from my sight.

Nurse. Oh woe ! oh woeful, woeful, woeful day !
Most lamentable day ! most woeful day !

That ever, ever I did yet behold.

Oh day ! oh day ! oh day ! oh hateful day !

Never was seen so black a day as this :

Oh woeful day ! oh woeful day !

Par. Beguil'd, divorc'd, wrong'd, spighted, slain,
Most detestable death, by thee beguil'd,
By cruel, cruel thee quite overthrown :

O love, O life, not life, but love in death !

Cap. Despis'd, distressed, hated, martyr'd, kill'd,
Uncomfortable time ! why cam'st thou now
To murder, murder our solemnity ?

O child ! O child ! my soul, and not my child !

Dead art thou ! dead ; alack ! my child is dead ;

And with my child, my joys are buried.

Fri. Peace, ho, for shame ! confusion's cure lives not
In these confusions : Heav'n and yourself

Had part in this fair maid ; now heav'n hath all,

And all the better is it for the maid :

Your part in her you could not keep from death,

G

But

But heav'n keeps his part in eternal life.
 The most, you sought, was her promotion ;
 For 'twas your heav'n she should be advanc'd :
 And weep you now, seeing she is advanc'd,
 Above the clouds, as high as heav'n himself ;
 Oh, in this love you love your child so ill,
 That you run mad, seeing, that she is well,
 She's not well marry'd, that lives married long ;
 But she's best marry'd, that dies marry'd young.
 Dry up your tears, and stick your rosemary
 On this fair coarse : and as the custom is,
 And in her best array, bear her to church.
 For tho' fond nature bids us all lament,
 Yet nature's tears are reason's merriment.

Cap. All things that we ordained festival,
 Turn from their office to black funeral :
 Our instruments, to melancholy bells ;
 Our wedding cheer, to a sad funeral feast ;
 Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges change ;
 Our bridal flow'rs serve for a buried coarse.
 And all things change them to the contrary.

Fri. Sir, go you in, and, madam go with him ;
 And go, Sir *Paris* ; every one prepare
 To follow this fair coarse unto her grave.
 The heav'ns do low'r upon you, for some ill ;
 Move them no more, by crossing their high will.

[*Exeunt Cap. La. Cap. Paris and Friar*

Manet Musicians and Nurse.

Mus. Faith we may put up our pipes and be gone.

Nurse. Honest good fellows : ah, put up, put up,
 For well you know this is a pitiful case. [*Ex. Nurse*

Mus. Ay, by my troth, the case may be amended.

Enter Peter.

Pet. Musicians, oh musicians, *heart's ease*, *heart's ease* : oh, an you will have me live, play *heart's ease*.

Mus. Why *heart's ease* ?

Pet. O musicians, because my heart itself plays, my
heart itself is full of woe. O play me some merry
 dump to comfort me !

Mus. Not a dump we, 'tis no time to play now.

Pa

Pet. You will not then ?

Mus. No.

Pet. I will then give it you soundly.

Mus. What will you give us ?

Pet. No money on my faith, but the gleeke : I will give you the minstrel.

Mus. Then will I give you the serving creature.

Pet. Here will I lay the serving creature's dagger on your Pate. I will carry no crotchets. I'll *re* you, I'll *fa* you, do you note me ?

Mus. An you *re* us, and *fa* us, you note us.

2 *Mus.* Pray you put up your dagger, and put out your wit.

Pet. Then have at you with my wit : I will dry-beat you with an iron wit, and put up my iron dagger.

Answer me like men.

When griping griefs the heart doth wound,

Then music with her silver sound ———

Why silver sound ? why music with her silver sound ?

Why say you, Simon Catling ?

Mus. Marry, Sir, because silver hath a sweet sound.

Pet. Pretty ! what say you, *Hugh Rebeck* ?

2 *Mus.* I say silver sound; because musicians sound for silver.

Pet. Pretty too ! what say you *Samuel Sound-board* ?

3 *Mus.* Faith I know not what to say.

Pet. O ! I cry you mercy, you are the *finger*. I will for you. It is music with her silver sound, because such fellows as you have no gold for sounding.

Then music with her silver sound

With lend redress.

[*Exit singing.*]

Mus. What a pestilent knave is this same ?

2 *Mus.* Hang him, *Jack*, come we'll in here, tarry the mourners, and stay dinner.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T



ACT V. SCENE I.

MANTUA.

Enter Romeo.

IF I may trust the flattering truth of sleep,
 My dreams presage some joyful news at hand;
 My bosom's lord sits lightly on his throne,
 And all this day, an unaccustom'd spirit,
 Lifts me above the ground with chearful thoughts.
 I dreamt my lady came and found me dead,
 (Strange dream! that gives a dead man leave to think)
 And breath'd such life with kisses in my lips,
 That I reviv'd and was an emperor.
 Ah me! how sweet is love it self possess'd,
 When but love's shadows are so rich in joy?

Enter Balthazar.

News from *Verona* —How now *Balthazar*?
 Dost thou not bring me letter, from the Friar?
 How doth my lady? is my father well?
 How doth my *Juliet*? that I ask again,
 For nothing can be ill, if she be well.

Bal. Then she is well, and nothing can be ill;
 Her body sleeps in *Capulet's* monument,
 And her immortal part with angels lives:
 I saw her laid low in her kindred's vault,
 And presently took post to tell it you:
 O pardon me for bringing these ill news.
 Since you did leave it for my office, Sir.

Rom. Is it even so? then I defy you, stars!
 Thou know'st my lodging, get me ink and paper,
 And hire post-horses. I will hence to-night.

Bal. Pardon me, Sir, I dare not leave you thus.
 Your looks are pale and wild, and do import
 Some misadventure.

Rom. Tush, thou art deceiv'd,
 Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do:
 Hast thou no letters to me from the Friar?

Bal.

Bal.
Rom.
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 What ho
 Ap. W
 Rom.
 Hold, th
 A dram
 As will
 That th
 And that
 As violen
 Doth hur
 Ap. Su
 Is death

Bal. No, good my lord.

Rom. No matter : Get thee gone,
And hire those horses, I'll be with thee straight.

[*Exit Bal.*]

Well *Juliet*, I will lye with thee to-night ;
Let's see for means—O mischief ! thou art swift
To enter in the thought of desperate men !

I do remember an Apothecary,
And hereabouts he dwells, whom late I noted
In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows,
Culling of simples ; meager were his looks,
Sharp misery hath worn him to the bones :
And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,
An alligator stuft and other skins
Of ill shaped fishes, and about his shelves
A beggarly account of empty boxes,
Green earthen pots, bladders, and musty seeds,
Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of roses
Were thinly scatter'd, to make up a shew.

Noting this penury, to my self I said,
And if a man did need a poison now,
Whose sale is present death in *Mantua*;
Here lives a caitiff wretch would sell it him.
Oh this same thought did but fore run my need,
And this same needy man must sell it me.
As I remember, this should be the house.
Being holy day, the beggar's shop is shut.
What ho ! apothecary !

Enter Apothecary.

Ap. Who calls so loud ?

Rom. Come hither man, I see that thou art poor ;
Hold, there is forty ducats, let me have
A dram of poison, such soon-speeding geer,
As will disperse itself thro' all the veins,
That the life-weary Taker may fall dead ;
And that the trunk may be discharg'd of breath,
As violently as hasty powder fir'd
Doth hurry from the fatal cannons womb.

Ap. Such mortal drugs I have, but *Mantua's* law
Is death to any he that utters them.

G 3.

Rom.

Rom. Art thou so bare and full of wretchedness,
And fear'st to die? famine is in thy cheeks,
Need and oppression stare within thine eyes,
Contempt and beggary hang upon thy back:
The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law;
The world affords no law to make thee rich:
Then be not poor, but break it and take this.

Ap. My poverty, but not my will, consents.

Rom. I pay thy poverty and not thy will.

Ap. Put this in any liquid thing you will,
And drink it off, and if you had the strength
Of twenty men it would dispatch you straight.

Rom. There is thy gold, worse poison to men's souls,
Doing more murders in this loathsome world,
Than these poor compounds that thou may'st not sell:
I sell thee poison, thou hast sold me none.
Farewel, buy food, and get thee into flesh.
Come cordial, and not poison, go with me
To Juliet's grave, for there must I use thee. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

The Monastery at Verona.

Enter Friar.

John. **H**OLY *Franciscan* Friar! brother! ho!

Enter Friar Lawrence to him.

Law. This same should be the voice of Friar *John*.
Welcome from Mantua; what says Romeo?
Or if his mind be writ, give me his letter.

John. Going to find a bare-foot brother out,
One of our order, to associate me,
Here in this city visiting the sick;
And finding him, the searchers of the town
Suspecting that we both were in a house
Where the infectious pestilence did reign,
Seal'd up the doors, and would not let us forth,
So that my speed to Mantua there was staid.

Law. Who bore my letter then to Romeo?

John. I could not send it; here it is again,
Nor get a messenger to bring it thee,

So fearful were they of infection.

Law. Unhappy fortune ! by my brotherhood,
The letter was not nice, but full of charge,
Of dear import, and the neglecting it
May do much danger. Friar *John*, go hence,
Get me an iron crow, and bring it straight
Unto my cell.

John. Brother, I'll go and bring it thee. [Exit.]

Law. Now must I to the monument alone :
Within these three hours will fair *Juliet* wake ;
She will beshrew me much, that *Romeo*
Hath had no notice of these accidents :
But I will write again to *Mantua*,
And keep her at my cell 'till *Romeo* come.
Poor living corpse, clos'd in a dead man's tomb !

[Exit.]

SCENE III.

A church-yard : in it a monument belonging to the Capulets.

Enter Paris, and his page, with a light.

Par. **G**IVE me thy torch, boy ; hence, and stand
aloof.

Yet put it out, for I would not be seen :
Under yond yew-trees lay thee all along,
Laying thy ear close to the hollow ground ;
So shall no foot upon the church-yard tread,
Being loose, unfirm, with digging up of graves)
But thou shalt hear it : whistle then to me,
As signal that thou hear'st something approach.
Give me those flow'rs. Do as I bid thee, go.

Page. I am almost afraid to stand alone
Here in the church-yard, yet I will adventure. [Exit.]

Par. Sweet flow'r ! with flow'rs thy bridal bed I
strew ; [Strewing flowers.]

fair *Juliet*, that with angels dost remain,
Accept this latest favour at my hand,
That living honour'd thee, and being dead

With

With fun'ral obsequies adorn thy tomb.

[The boy whistles.]

—The boy gives warning, something doth approach—

What curst foot wanders this way to-night,

To cross my obsequies, and true love's rite?

What with a torch? muffle me, night, a while.

SCENE IV.

Enter Romeo and Balthazar with a light.

Rom. Give me that mattock, and the wrenching
iron:

Hold, take this letter, early in the morning

See thou deliver it to my lord and father.

Give me the light; upon thy life I charge thee,

Whate'er thou hear'st or seest, stand all aloof,

And do not interrupt me in my course.

Why I descend into this bed of death,

Is partly to behold my lady's face:

But chiefly to take thence from her dead finger

A precious ring, a ring that I must use

In dear imployment; therefore hence be gone:

But if thou, jealous, dost return to pry

In what I further shall intend to do,

By heaven I will tear thee joint by joint,

And strew this hungry church-yard with thy limbs;

The time and my intents are savage, wild,

More fierce and more inexorable far

Than empty tygers, or the roaring sea.

Bal. I will be gone, Sir, and not trouble you.

Rom. So shalt thou shew me friendship. Take thou
that.

Live and be prosp'rous, and Farewel good fellow.

Bal. For all this same, I'll hide me hereabout;

His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt. [Exit]

Rom. Thou detestable maw, thou womb of death,

Gorg'd with the dearest morsel of the earth;

Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open.

[Breaking open the monument.]

And in despite I'll cram thee with more food.

Par. This is that banisht haughty Montague:

That murder'd my love's cousin: (with which grief

It is supposed the fair creature dy'd,) And here is come to do some villainous shame To the dead bodies: I will apprehend him. Stop thy unhallow'd toil, vile *Montague*: Can vengeance be pursu'd further than death? Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee; Obey, and go with me, for thou must die.

Rom. I must indeed, and therefore came I hither— Good gentle youth, tempt not a desp'rate man, Fly hence and leave me: think upon these gone, Let them affright thee. I beseech thee, youth, Pull not another sin upon my head, By urging me to fury. Oh be gone! By heav'n I love thee better than my self; For I come hither arm'd against my self. Stay not, be gone; live, and hereafter say, A madman's mercy bid thee run away.

Par. I do despise thy commiseration, And apprehend thee for a felon here.

Rom. Wilt thou provoke me? then have at thee boy.
[*They fight, Paris falls.*]

Page. O lord they fight! I will go call the watch.

Par. Oh I am slain; if thou be merciful, Open the tomb, lay me with *Juliet*. [Dies.]

Rom. In faith I will: let me peruse this face—

Mercutio's kinsman! Noble County Paris! What said my man, when my betossed soul Did not attend him as we rode? I think He told me *Paris* should have married *Juliet*. Said he not so? or did I dream it so? Or am I mad, hearing him talk of *Juliet*, To think it was so? Oh give me thy hand, One writ with me in four misfortune's book, I'll bury thee in a triumphant grave. A grave? O no; a lanthorn, slaughter'd youth. For here lies *Juliet*; and her beauty makes This vault a feasting presence full of light. Death, lie thou there, by a dead man interr'd.

[*Laying Paris in the monument.*]

How oft, when men are at the point of death, Have they been merry? which their keepers call A lightning before death.— O how may I

Call

Call this a lightning! O my love, my wife!
 Death that hath suckt the honey of thy breath,
 Hath had no pow'r yet upon thy beauty:
 Thou art not conquer'd, beauty's ensign yet
 Is crimson in thy lips, and in thy cheeks,
 And death's pale flag is not advanced there.
Tibalt, ly'st thou there in thy bloody sheet?
 Oh what more favour can I do to thee,
 Than with that hand that cut thy youth in twain,
 To sunder his that was thy enemy?
 Forgive me, cousin.—Ah, dear *Juliet*,
 Why art thou yet so fair? shall I believe
 That unsubstantial death is amorous,
 And that the lean abhorred monster keeps
 Thee here in dark to be his paramour:
 For fear of that, I still will stay with thee,
 And never from this palace of dim night
 Depart again:
 Here, here will I remain,
 With worms that are thy chamber-maids; oh, here
 Will I set up my everlasting rest;
 And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars
 From this world-weary'd flesh. Eyes, look your last!
 Arms, take your last embrace! and lips, oh you
 The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss
 A dateless bargain to engrossing death;
 Come bitter conduct, come unsavory guide,
 Thou desp'rate pilot, now at once run on
 The dashing rocks my sea-sick weary bark:
 Here's to my love! oh true apothecary! [*Drinks the poison.*]
 Thy drugs are quick. Thus with a kiss I die. [*Dies.*]

Enter Friar Lawrence with lanthorn, crow and spade.

Fri. St. Francis be my speed, how oft to-night
 Have my old feet stumbled at graves? who's there?

Enter Belthazar.

Bal. Here's one, a friend, and one that knows you
 well.

Fri. Bliss be upon you. Tell me, good my friend,
 What torch is yond, that vainly lends his light
 To grubs and oyleless sculls? as I discern,
 It burneth in the *Capulets* monument.

Bal. It doth so, holy Sir,

And

And th

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And there's my master, one you dearly love.

Fri. Who is it?

Bal. *Romeo.*

Fri. How long hath he been there?

Bal. Full half an hour.

Fri. Go with me to the vault.

Bal. I dare not, Sir.

My master knows not but I am gone hence,
And fearfully did menace me with death,
If I did stay to look on his intents.

Fri. Stay, then I'll go alone; fear comes upon me;
O much I fear some ill unlucky thing.

Bal. As I did sleep under this yew-tree here,
I dreamt my master and another fought,
And that my master flew him.

Fri. *Romeo!*

Alack, alack, what blood is this which stains
The stony entrance of this sepulchre?

What mean these masterless and goary swords
To lie discolour'd by this place of peace?

Romeo! oh pale! who else? what *Paris* too?
And steep'd in blood? ah what an unkind hour
Is guilty of this lamentable chance?

The lady stirs.

Jul. [awaking.] O comfortable Friar, where's my
lord?

I do remember well where I should be;
And there I am; but where is *Romeo*?

Fri. I hear some noise! Lady, come from that nest
Of death, contagion, and unnatural sleep;

A greater Power than we can contradict,
Hath thwarted our intents; come, come away;

Thy husband in thy bosom there lies dead,
And *Paris* too—Come, I'll dispose of thee,

Among a sisterhood of holy Nuns:

Stay not a question, for the watch is coming;

Come, go, good *Juliet*; I dare no longer stay. [Exit.]

Jul. Go, get thee hence, for I will not away.

What's here? a cup clos'd in my true love's hand?

Poison I see hath been his timeless end.

Oh churl, drink all, and leave no friendly drop

To help me after? I will kiss thy lips,

Haply

Haply some poison yet doth hang on them ;
To make me die with a restorative.
Thy lips are warm.

Enter Boy and Watch.

Watch. Lead boy, which way ?

Jul. Yea, noise ?

Then I'll be brief. O happy dagger ! [*Finding a dagger.*]
This is thy sheath, there rust and let me die.

[*Kills herself.*]

Boy. This is the place, there where the torch doth burn.

Watch. The ground is bloody. Search about the church-yard,

Go some of you, whom e'er you find attach.

Pitiful fight ! here lyes the County slain,
And *Juliet* bleeding warm and newly dead,
Who here hath lain these two days buried.

Go tell the Prince, run to the *Capulets*,
Raise up the *Montagues*, some others search—
We see the ground whereon these woes do lie
But the true ground of all these piteous woes
We cannot without circumstance descry.

Enter some of the Watch with Belthazar.

2 Watch. Here's *Romeo's* man, we found him in the church-yard.

1 Watch. Hold him in safety 'till the Prince comes hither.

Enter another Watchman with Friar Lawrence.

3 Watch. Here is a Friar that trembles, sighs and weeps :

We took this mattock and this spade from him,
As he was coming from this church-yard side.

1 Watch. A great suspicion : stay the Friar too.

SCENE V.

Enter the Prince and attendants.

Prince. What misadventure is so early up,
That calls our person from our morning's rest ?

Enter Capulet and lady Capulet.

Cap. What should it be that they so shriek abroad ?

La. Cap. The people in the street cry *Romeo*,
Some *Juliet*, and some *Paris* ; and all run

With

With open out-cry tow'rd our monument.

Prince. What fear is this which startles in your ears?

Watch. Sovereign, here lyes the County *Paris* slain,
And *Romeo* dead, and *Juliet* (dead before)

Warm and new kill'd.

Prince. Search, seek, and know how this foul murder comes.

Watch. Here is a Friar, and slaughter'd *Romeo's* man,
With instruments upon them, fit to open
These dead mens tombs.

Cap. Oh heav'n! oh wife, look how our daughter
bleeds!

This dagger hath mista'en, for loe the sheath
Lies empty on the back of *Montague*,
The point mis-sheathed in my daughter's bosom.

La. Cap. Oh me, this sight of death is as a bell,
That warns my old age to a sepulcher.

Enter Montague.

Prince. Come *Montague*, for thou art early up,
To see thy son and heir now early down.

Mon. Alas, my liege, my wife is dead to-night,
Grief of my son's exile hath stop'd her breath:
What further woe conspires against my age?

Prince. Look, and thou shalt see.

Mon. Oh thou untaught, what manners is in this,
To press before thy father to a grave?

Prince. Seal up the mouth of out-rage for a while,
Till we can clear these ambiguities,
And know their spring, their head, their true descent;
And then will I be general of your woes,
And lead you even to death. Mean time forbear,
And let mischance be slave to patience.
Bring forth the parties of suspicion.

Fri. I am the greatest, able to do least,
Yet most suspected as the time and place
Doth make against me of this direful murder;
And here I stand both to impeach and purge
My self condemned, and my self excus'd.

Prince. Then say at once what thou dost know in this.

Fri. I will be brief, for my short date of breath
Is not so long as is a tedious tale.

Romeo there dead, was husband to that *Juliet*;

H

And

And she there dead, that *Romeo's* faithful wife :
 I married them ; and their stol'n marriage day
 Was *Tibalt's* dooms-day, whose untimely death
 Banish'd the new-made bride-groom from this city ;
 For whom, and not for *Tibalt*, *Juliet* pin'd.
 You, to remove that siege of grief from her,
 Betroth'd, and would have married her perforce
 To County *Paris*. Then comes she to me,
 And with wild looks, bid me devise some means
 To rid her from this second marriage,
 Or in my cell there would she kill herself,
 Then gave I her (so tutor'd by my art)
 A sleeping potion, which so took effect
 As I intended, for it wrought on her
 The form of death. Mean time I writ to *Romeo*,
 That he should hither come, as this dire night,
 To help to take her from her borrowed grave,
 Being the time the potion's force should cease.
 But he which bore my letter, *Friar John*,
 Was staid by accident, and yesternight
 Return'd my letter back ; then all alone,
 At the prefixed hour of her awaking,
 Came I to take her from her kindreds vault ;
 Meaning to keep her closely at my cell,
 'Till I conveniently could send to *Romeo*.
 But when I came (some minute ere the time
 Of her awaking) here untimely lay
 The noble *Paris* and true *Romeo* dead.
 She wakes, and I intreated her come forth,
 And bear this work of heav'n with patience :
 But then a noise did scare me from the tomb,
 And she too desperate would not go with me,
 But, as it seems, did violence on her self.
 All this I know, and to the marriage
 Her nurse is privy : but if ought in this
 Miscarried by my fault, let my old life
 Be sacrific'd, some hour before the time,
 Unto the rigour of severest law.

Prince. We still have known thee for an holy man.
 Where's *Romeo's* man ? what can he say to this ?

Bal. I brought my master news of *Juliet's* death,
 And then in post he came from *Mantua*

To this same place, to this same monument.
This letter he early bid me give his father,
And threatned me with death, going to the vault,
If I departed not, and left him there.

Prince. Give me the letter, I will look on it.
Where is the County's page that rais'd the watch?
Sirrah, what made your master in this place?

Page. He came with flowers to strew his lady's grave,
And bid me stand aloof, and so I did:
Anon comes one with light to ope the tomb,
And by and by my master drew on him,
And then I ran away to call the watch.

Prince. This letter doth make good the Friar's words,
Their course of love, the tidings of her death:
And here he writes, that he did buy a poison
Of a poor 'pothecary, and therewithal
Came to this vault to die, and lye with *Juliet*.
Where be these enemies? *Capulet! Montague!*
See what a scourge is laid upon your hate,
That heav'n finds means to kill your joys with love!
And I, for winking at your discords too,
Have lost a brace of kinsmen: all are punish'd!

Cap. O brother *Montague*, give me thy hand,
This is my daughter's jointure; for no more
Can I demand.

Mon. But I can give thee more,
For I will raise her statue in pure gold,
That while *Verona* by that name is known,
There shall no figure at that rate be set,
As that of true and faithful *Juliet*.

Cap. As rich shall *Romeo* by his lady lye,
Poor sacrifices of our enmity!

Prince. A gloomy peace this morning with it brings;
The sun for sorrow will not shew his head;
Go hence to have more talk of these sad things;
Some shall be pardon'd and some punished.

For never was a story of more woe,
Than this of *Juliet* and her *Romeo*. [Exeunt omnes.]



